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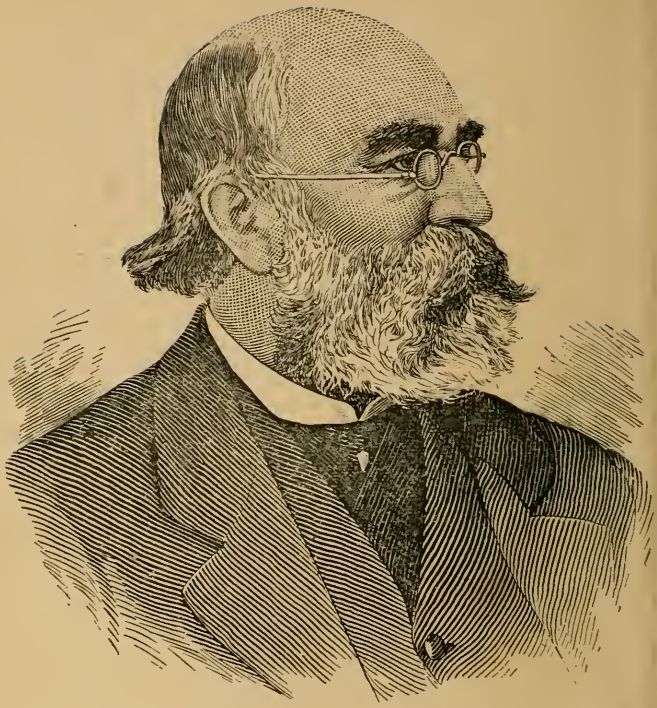

Truly Yours,
L. D. Curtis.

THE NAZARENE AND OTHER RHYMES

FOR THE

THOUGHTFUL AND HOPEFUL.

BY T. D. CURTIS.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bowed
To its idolatries a patient knee,
Nor coined my cheek to smile, nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd,
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, not of them, in a shroud
Of thoughts which were not their thoughts.—[BYRON.

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PREFACE.

The author makes no apology for giving this little volume of rhymes to the public. Most of the minor ones have been thrown off at intervals between the discharge of duties in obtaining subsistence for his family—many written while riding in the cars, waiting at railroad stations, or temporarily stopping at hotels. Nothing in the volume has been allowed to encroach on regular business.

The longer rhyme is a surprise to the author. No particular method was observed in the arrangement of the subject, nor special object kept in view, except to utter what he feels is true and reasonable, and will help to strengthen the reader in well-doing. Little thinking what he should say, where he should end, or when he should complete the rhyme, he began writing "THE NAZARENE" on the 1st day of May, 1885, not having even conceived the title, and on the 17th of that month, the whole was completed and ready for the printer, including this preface. Meantime, he did his daily work, including a trip to New York, which consumed four days, and going on other lesser excur-

ERRATA.

Page 15, last line, of XXVIII verse, for "the blest" read "the happy blest."
Page 16, 2d line of XXXI verse, for "angles" read "angels."
Page 24, 4th line of L verse, for "Mammom" read "Mammon."
Page 32, 4th line of LXXI verse, for "its blood" read "his blood."
Page 63, 8th line of CLV verse, for "and" read "an."
Page 68, 1st line of CLX verse, for "As our loves are" read "As are our loves."

THE NAZARENE.

CANTO I.

GENESIS.

I.

Be mine to sing the psalm of endless life—
  Of what has been, and is, and is to be;
To give the meaning of this ceaseless strife
  Of elements unseen, and those we see;
  To show the station filled by you and me—
By old and young, and those of all the past,
  And through the future's long eternity—
The problem which the seers have deemed so vast,
And scientists have tried and lain aside, at last.

II.

"What can we reason but from what we know?"
  Is Alexander Pope's immortal line;
That which the judgment tells us must be so
  Hath its foundation deep in the divine;
  Through this we see our being's glory shine,
And feel akin to all the burning stars;
  We look beyond this world of mine and thine—
A moment we forget all petty jars [bars.
In dreams of something far beyond these fleshly

III

The round of life has ever been the same,
And ever will be as we see it now;
Without beginning, without end, its aim
Is its own reproduction. Why or how
Is not for us to fathom. We must bow
Submissive to the facts; but, mounting higher,
Must fearlessly ascend to Heaven's brow,
In search of knowledge, at the heart's desire—
For fear is born of hell, and evil is its sire.

IV.

The seasons in their turns have come and gone,
And ever in their turns must come and go;
That herbs, and flowers, and fruits, the seasons own,
Are not the same, but like to each, we know;
Thus is it with the round of life, and so
Have suns succeeded suns, from eldest yore,
And life and death have had their ebb and flow,
As system after system evermore
Unrolled and rose to act the mighty drama o'er.

V.

And thus will suns and systems come and go
When you and I, and all, are far away
Upon the road of progress, all aglow
With life and light in the supernal day,
Where love and joy have their eternal sway
In sweet reality of freedom's light,

That shines in glory there for aye and aye,—
When we have grown from men's to angels' hight,
From angels' unto Godhood's in its might.

VI.

My vision takes me backward to the time
When rolled a little world like ours in space—
A planet of a system as sublime
As any our astronomers can trace;
It flourished there in honorable place,
And had its denizens, as ours now hath;
Like us, they had their glory and disgrace;
They struggled thro' the clouds of fear and wrath
To find the right—the only straight and narrow [path.

VII.

Among them dwelt a truly wedded pair;
As male and female, they were only one—
For as the elements of water are
Blended in one, so were their lives begun,
Their souls commingling, as their work was done,
As were the will of each the other's guide;
When duty's goal on earth at last was won,
Their dust dissolved, upon the winds to ride,
But they advanced, the bridegroom and the bride.

VIII.

They rose into a broader realm of life;
The past to them was dusky nothingness;

With every element of being rife,
Their souls expanded with each sweet caress,
And all around them wore a brighter dress;
All objects from their feelings took their hue,
And changed with their conditions, more or less;
From this and other facts, full well they knew
Their varied condition from their being grew.

IX.

They were the germ and center of a world
Outspringing from them by a law supreme
Which every system into being hurled,
As suns send forth the life-inspiring beam
To fructify the earths that round them teem;
All their imaginings took shapely form;
The tho't that on this earth seems but a dream
To them was a reality; and warm
Around them vegetation flourished many-form.

X.

But this was in the spirit realm; no trace
Of earth within their sphere was to be found;
They knew no bounds of either time or space,
While blissful growth their every movement crowned;
Each in the other perfect fulness found,
And far and wide their mingled presence grew,
Till all seemed full unto the farthest bound;
Thus ceaselessly their joyous moments flew,
And ever from the Old rolled out the better New.

XI.

Ages on ages came and passed away,
Eon on eon sank into the past,
And long eternities stretched backward aye,
To where the morning first its shadows cast,
And shimmered where our blissful pair at last
First found their union in the arms of love,
Secure from evil's inharmonious blast;
While each unto the other closer clove,
And wider still and wider did their presence rove.

XII.

At length their sphere of love seemed more than [full,
As it with teeming life were running o'er;
The outer skirts, that had been dark and dull,
Now moved with life unto the very core;
And pregnant they became with many score
Of suns and earths like what we call our own;
And from this womb of being there did pour
New suns and systems, that in beauty shone
As stars at night which glad our eyes from zone to [zone.

XIII.

These suns and systems had all elements
And principles to being that belong;
For by transmission cometh all things hence,
As echo from the mountain singer's song;
All motion, life and power, that weak or strong,

Or high or low possess, or great or small,
Comes by transmission to the endless throng
Of conscious beings on each earthly ball—
To such as soar and sing, and things that creep and
[crawl.

XIV.

Among the planets that revolved within
The sphere of this unfolded happy pair
Was our own earth, which had begun to spin
And gather round itself a lambent air;
It reveled in the sun's incessant glare
And drew new life from that life-giving source,
Which from the realm of spirit draws its share
Of all that gives the physical its force
And keeps the planets ever whirling in their
[course.

XV.

And from this pair—the God of this our sphere
And its surrounding universe of suns—
Flowed gently all the forces needed here
To move and mould the elements, as runs
The will along the nerve companions
To do the conscious bidding of the mind;
All life, all light, all consciousness that shuns
The pain of violated law, all love of kind,
Flowed from the Godly pair my vision has
[divined.

XVI.

Not that they had the power to make or not
This vast array outcoming through their sphere—
For channels were they but receiving what
They freely shed around them, far and near;
They had, like us—and this was ever clear—
A double being, giving part control
Of what to them was felt to be most dear;
But deep within was the resistless roll
Of power involuntary that sustained the whole.

XVII.

For everything, from man to highest God,
Is ruled by law, and must in order stand;
There's none supreme, whose arbitrary nod
Can shake the Heavens or the grosser land—
No ruling God in whose exclusive hand
All things are held at his good will or freak—
No God of terror at whose dire command
The souls of men must nether Hades seek,
Where devils will their endless vengeance on them [wreak.

XVIII.

But there are endless love and sympathy,
That ever upward draw the living soul—
That ever watch and work for you and me,
And seek to draw us, by a sweet control,
To feel a closer union with the whole,
And kinship with the angels and with God—

The Pair Divine, who would not stint the dole
Of good things for their children, who now trod
In darkness, fear and doubt, earth's generative sod.

XIX.

But nothing can be forced, all things must grow
In strict accord with the eternal law—
The changeless force that governs high and low;
This law must rule supreme and without flaw;
Could it be broken, all would stand in awe
Upon annihilation's boundless shore;
We can but wait in patience till it draw
All living souls above the wreck and roar
Of mundane things, to realms where discord is no more.

XX.

"Order is Heaven's first law,"—and is its last;
And all development must ever come
In strict accord with order; in the past,
The claims for miracles set up by some
Have no foundation; not a single crumb
Of valid evidence supports these claims,
Which aim to strike the human reason dumb;
The law of order the pretender shames,
And reason nobly triumphs spite of racks and flames.

XXI.

So in this reign of order came our earth,
And so it grew, as other planets grow;

All things in order sprang to life and birth,
And every form and shape began to show
And take its turn, and thus to come and go,
Preparing each the way for something higher,
Till man appeared upon the scene, and lo!
Our being's round was circled, and the fire
Of an immortal life filled him with its desire.

XXII.

At first, he was a simple savage, and
His faith was simple as a little child's;
He close communed with Nature, and her hand
Led him in safety through the tangled wilds
Of life, and through the leafy forest aisles;
He walked with spirits from another sphere
Who gave him sweet companionship, the whiles
He grew in mental stature and drew near
To self-direction in his new, untried career.

XXIII.

Thus guided, he grew up with vision clear
Of blissful life beyond his earth abode,
And as he stronger grew, from year to year,
To take upon himself a larger load,
With more self-conscious step and mien he trode
The earth, and felt a growing power within
That made him wish alone to try the road
Erstwhile he had been aided to begin—
Not having yet had dream of such a thing as sin

XXIV.

Slowly the guardian spirits loosed their grasp,
Till man was left alone to find his way;
Yet still he often felt their loving clasp,
As o'er his path they shed a tender ray
And mildly led him by their gentle sway
Along the rugged paths of earth's career;
Still on him shone the light of endless day,
While o'er him crept the shadow of a fear,
And ever an anon he dropped the bitter tear.

XXV.

So he in mental stature grew, experience-taught,
His mind on earthly matters most employed;
Life with the struggle for subsistence fraught,
By many empty schemes he was decoyed,
And by their failure vexingly annoyed,
Till he began to doubt the higher good;
To him the future rose a cheerless void,
And he became of dark and somber mood,
Much prone upon his rude condition here to brood.

XXVI.

Our Heav'nly Parents seeing this shed down
Their warmest sympathy upon their child;
What could be done was done to hide the frown
That hovered o'er his pathway through the wild;
Attending angels looked on him and smiled;
But he had lost the power to realize

Their presence, and could seldom be beguiled
To own his kinship with the upper skies,
Or ought existed not beheld by mortal eyes.

XXVII.

His fellows dropped their covering of flesh,
But had not power to rise above the dust;
They hovered round him, powerless to refresh
His drooping spirit or to brace his trust
In the Eternal Law, which soon or later must
Lift all things up and bring the blest relief
To all who suffer in this world of lust;
The souls of the departed added grief
To darkness, till with fear he trembled like a leaf.

XXVIII.

And thus came good and evil in the world,
And thus came sinful selfishness and pain;
Then his black banner man at first unfurled,
And sought his own and not his fellow's gain,
To learn at last his efforts all are vain
To set aside the primal law's decree
That he must serve the whole who shall sustain
Himself in high position, and would be
Among the blest, and free among the free.

XXIX.

Earth's children thus cut off from intercourse
Direct with spirits of a higher sphere,
Efforts were made to lead them, without force,

By raising up among them leaders here
Whose words, and teachings by example clear,
Should point the way which mortals should pursue,
That they might to the nearest haven steer,
According each to others what is due,
Avoiding what is false and taking what is true.

XXX.

Then came the seers and prophets of the past,
Of whom the people often idols made;
Slowly the spirit sky grew overcast
And teachers merged their calling in a trade,
Whereby they made the timid mass afraid
By claims of superstitious gifts and powers;
Thus reason in the sepulchre was laid—
Thus came the long and dark and fearful hours,
Of which the black portentous cloud still threat-
['ning lowers.

XXXI.

This was a crisis terrible and dire,
Which even made the angles pale with dread;
Unless a spark of the celestial fire
Could be rekindled here, all hope had fled,
And earth henceforth was numbered with the
So all the higher forces were combined, [dead,
And all their holy influence was shed,
To raise up one whose beacon-light should shine,
And be to all the world a saving light divine.

CANTO II.

THE SAVIOR.

XXXII.

Then came into the world the Nazarene,
To tread the path of sorrow for the lost—
An unpretending man, of gentle mien,
Whose path by every evil power was crossed;
Upon the sea of trouble tempest-tossed,
He never lost his course, nor turned aside
To count a single undertaking's cost;
For principle, he spurned all worldly pride,
And lived the faith of his convictions till he died.

XXXIII.

This was the Christ, the true anointed one,
Who fills his place in every universe;
He came as orderly as came the sun—
His mission was to stay the primal curse
Of error, and to teach in sentence terse
The leading principles of Brotherhood;
He bade the hosts of error to disperse,
And sternly he rebuked the selfish brood
Of fallen teachers who belied the truly good.

XXXIV.

These hypocrites he never failed to lash;
Albeit his nature was as calm and mild
As sunlit summer morning, he could dash
Into their columns like a soldier wild
With sense of duty. He was like a child
To those he loved who sought to do the right
And from the paths of light were not beguiled;
The sore oppressed were precious in his sight,
And hard he labored to dispel the gloom of night.

XXXV.

The oneness of all being oft he taught,
But was not understood by those who heard,
Because their minds with superstitious thought
And notions supernatural were stirred;
He taught the simple meaning of the word,
But they for hidden meanings were in search,
And evidence from miracle they sought;
While he deplored their blinding moral lurch,
And heaped anathemas upon the cruel church.

XXXVI.

He said his church was in the heart of man,
And "love ye one another" his command;
That he who served the best was in the van,
While selfishness builds houses on the sand;
That justice stern would with relentless hand
Disperse the hoarded wealth of earthly gains—

For God designed the fullness of the land
For all his children; and when justice reigns
Each must his birthright share through all of God's
[domains.

XXXVII.

His trenchant plea for justice ever rose;
"Sell all thou hast and give unto the poor;"
Make restitution of your wealth; your foes
Forgive, and make your daily path secure;
Not only rise above the evil doer,
But work for principle and for the right;
Make first the kingdom of the righteous sure,
Not hoarding for the morrow, in affright,
For all things justice brings by virtue of its might.

XXXVIII.

Judge ye yourselves of what is right; the tree
Is known to all men by the fruit it bears;
Go ye not after leaders blind, but see
Your pathway clear, and utter all your prayers
In secret; worthless are self-righteous airs
Because you have observed the forms and creeds
That a benighted church, long lost, declares
Find favor in the eyes of Heav'n; your deeds,
Sincerely done, are all your Heav'nly Father heeds.

XXXIX.

As sheep among the wolves, I send you forth
To preach the gospel of the true and right,

To know not east or west, nor south or north,
For all the world is precious in my sight;
My gospel is for all men, black and white,
And high and low—for every tongue and race;
And each of you must be a shining light,
Set on the hill-top; each must in his place
Stand up for justice with a bold and manly face.

XL.

Judge not your neighbor harshly, lest ye be
Thereby preparing judgment that shall rise
And work against you, in your misery,
When you may stand arraigned in others' eyes;
For all men will, at last, in sad surprise,
Learn each must stand before his conscience clear
And be his own judge; it is therefore wise
That he should lean to mercy's side and cheer
The poor unfortunate who errs and suffers here.

XLI.

Offenses needs must come into the world,
But wo to him through whom offenses come;
For deep within his breast lie tortures curled
That will one day uncoil and strike him dumb
With pain and anguish, and his being numb
With fear of what may come his soul to chill;
For it is very hard to find a crumb
Of comfort for the errors of the will
Which sting into the very quick, but cannot kill.

XLII.

As for the selfish rich, who put their trust
In earthly dross and sell their souls for gain,
'Tis hard for them to rise above the dust;
The swimmer cast upon the briny main,
Having a millstone tied about his neck, 'tis plain,
Is doomed to perish; so with those whose load
With selfishness, and wrong and greed is stained;
The camel walketh through the needle's eye
With greater ease than they can rise on high.

XLIII.

When earthly things have passed away and left
Their naked souls upon their worth to stand,
Of every known support they are bereft
And helpless lie upon the barren strand
Of utter selfishness, amid the sand
Of desolation wide, and deep despair;
They have not sown, and reap on neither hand,
But cry in vain for help—it is not there;
Their loves and lives have wasted on the empty air.

XLIV.

Then watch ye, therefore, lest at any time
Thy soul forget its destiny, and crawl
Where it should soar and shine, a thing sublime;
Turn not unto the infinitely small,
But infinitely great, including all,
And put thyself in sympathy with souls

That stand on principles and cannot fall;
Steer not thy bark upon the sands and shoals—
Unfurl thy sail and ride where deepest water rolls.

XLV.

Be always ready, for ye know not when
The trump of duty shall for action sound;
Be ready, that ye be not left, for then
Wo be to every one who is not found
With armor burnished bright and helmet-crown'd
For service, full equipped and heart aglow
With zeal well-tempered, to the foe confound;
Keep every lamp well trimmed, for well ye know
The call may come at night for you to rise and go.

XLVI.

Strive to be perfect as the angels are;
They do their best, and man can do the same;
Waste not your time in mouthing empty prayer,
But put your prayer into your work, and aim
To kindle in your breast a holy flame,
An ever-burning longing, to arise
By humbly climbing duty's rugged stair
To that high state of goodness which the wise
Of all the past have won, and God to none denies.

XLVII.

Against the foe, be ever on your guard,
For every guise beneath the sun he wears;
Upon your steps he ever follows hard

To trip you when you are the least awares
Of his approach, and often he ensnares
By gross deceiving of your nature's best;
And when at last your cheated soul declares
The base betrayal, he with fiendish zest
Will make the keenest anguish cause for merry jest.

XVIII.

The world is full of pitfalls and of traps,
And hard it is all evil ways to shun;
The plane of life here is so low, mishaps
Inevitably come to every one;
It must be lifted up; till this is done,
Both sin and suffering must here prevail;
The battle waging now cannot be won
Until we reach a higher plane and hail
A resurrection morn, on calmer seas to sail.

XLIX.

Boast not your virtues or your kindly deeds—
This is but vain hypocrisy and pride;
Like to a garden full of noxious weeds,
That thrive amain and every good thing hide,
Is he who sounds his virtues far and wide,
And waits for man's applause to reach his ear;
The real substance he has cast aside
For shadows that he sees reflected near
To cheat his selfishness and make his folly clear.

L.

"No man can serve two masters;" he will hate
The one and cling unto the other's side;
As is his choice of masters, so his fate;
He who in Mammom's chariot seeks to ride
Can never to the car of justice stride;
The halls of good and greed have each their door
That opens opposite; the distance wide
Between the two enlarges evermore,
Stretching from hate's dark waste to love's illu-
[mined shore.

LI.

Give daily heed unto each act and thought,
And search your heart for motives, they will show
What your condition is; if there is ought
Your judgment must condemn, then ye may know
That in the future this you should forego;
'Tis better to be good than to be great,
For greatness without goodness is but show;
And earthly greatness is a luring state,
When void of goodness, that but brings a sorry fate.

LII.

All things are known, and nothing can be hid;
For each one writes his book of life within;
The time will come, when he must lift the lid
And read the record there of what has been;
Wo unto him, if it be one of sin;

His soul will be alive to what he reads;
He would not pass again to earth life's din;
The best will mourn the lack of nobler deeds,
And all deplore the growth of briers, thorns and
[weeds.

LIII.

Ye may be healers of the sick and sore,
If ye in faith the right shall live and teach;
When ye have turned the erring to adore
The true and good, disease ye surely reach,
And heal the sick of soul and give them speech;
And when the hearts of men from wrong ye turn,
And make them doers of the right, from each
Ye cast out devils, and ye truly learn
How miracles are worked by fires within that burn.

LIV.

The blind receive their sight when they perceive
That they are walking in the ways of wrong;
The halt and lame are healed when you relieve
Their understanding, and they walk along
Nor stumble as they thread the motly throng;
The deaf are made to hear when they shall feel
A longing for the truth and have a strong
Desire to list for wisdom's words, nor steel
Their hearts and minds for self against the common
[weal.

LV.

Be not ye superstitious as to days;
All days are holy in Our Parents' sight;
He must be right whose life is in the ways
Of doing good at all times; and the light
Of his example shed in doing right
Makes sacred all the days that he may live;
No Sabbath-keeping elevates the hight
Of any deed performed, nor can it give
To work on other days a value negative.

LVI.

In all thou doest, let there be no guile,
But in simplicity perform thy part;
Be not cast down by failure, nor revile [smart
The powers that work with thee, but know the
Thou sufferest will aid to cleanse thy heart,
And teach humility; submissive will
To the inevitable draws the dart
And helps assuage the sting that might instill
Its anguish through the soul and all its fibers fill.

LVII.

Be thou like little children in thy mood,
And always act with singleness of mind;
All things are tending to the general good,
And when the whole is seen as one combined,
The evils vanish, or appear confined
In narrow limits, where the smallest harm

Is done for purposes most true and kind;
What is permitted need not cause alarm
To those who lean upon Our Parents' strong right [arm.

LVIII.

All forces known unite to guard the soul
Of him that labors for the right and true;
The higher power can surely make us whole;
The body slain by the infernal crew,
The spirit of the just will rise anew,
And, clothed in brighter beauty, it will burn
And all its enemies in time subdue;
Its ashes may be wasting in the urn,
But it will overcome the wrong with justice stern.

LIX.

For principles can never die or change;
These elements eternal must abide;
Though viewless in the earthly vision's range,
The mind's eye sees them on the other side
Of mortal things, and is with them allied;
Our inner consciousness perceives the scope
Of this broad realm of principle, and wide
Its door swings open, as we doubting grope,
And the poor soul is flooded with the light of hope.

CANTO III.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

LX.

So taught the Nazarene, and much beside,
Which was not understood and was not kept;
But what was treasured serves us as a guide
To higher things o'er which his vision swept,
Despite the many errors that have crept
Into the record made from memory's page
When he with all the prophets long had slept;
So far ahead was he in wisdom sage
That what he taught is now beyond our later age.

LXI.

But this true teacher, with unselfish soul,
Who worked in love for all humanity,
Awoke the wrath of those who had control,
And on this earth are called "the powers that be;"
Their craven hearts were filled with fear lest he
Should cause the people to reject their sway;
And all the jealous priests desired to see
This teacher of the people made a prey
To the brute ignorance and malice of the day.

LXII.

He was accused, and then at last betrayed;
One who was close to him, whom he had taught,
Wide from the path of right and honor strayed
And was, through love of paltry lucre, bought;
When by his foes the Nazarene was sought,
"Perdition's child" betrayed him with a kiss—
A token from the Prince of Darkness brought,
And breathing malice, like the serpent's hiss
When coiling round its victim with a hellish bliss.

LXIII.

'Tis ever thus; betrayal always comes
From those in whom we have reposed our trust;
Nought else so much our love and friendship numbs
As this deceit and treachery unjust,
Which pierces thro' the heart with cruel thrust,
And shakes our faith and confidence in all;
Remembrance of it eats like poison rust
Into the soul; it is wormwood and gall
And hedges us around with doubt as with a pall.

LXIV.

Why must it be? Why must the heart's best trait
Be made a source of misery and pain?
Why is the wolf in wool allowed to mate
With innocence, instead of being slain!
And why was Abel killed instead of Cain?
The realm of murder is the realm below,

And hence come all the false and treacherous
By base example, we are taught to know [train;
And guard against this source of vile deceit and wo.

LXV.

If we are ever on our guard, and watch,
Some trace of treachery we may descry;
By hard experience, we learn to scotch
Or kill the slimy snake that wriggles by
To charm us with the glitter of its eye;
Until the teachings of the Christ prevail,
Like him must now and then a victim die,
To warn mankind, who listen to the tale,
To shun the low and upward turn their faces pale.

LXVI.

The Nazarene, forsaken by his friends,
Who powerless had become to give him aid,
Now stood alone, but calm with faith that lends
Reproachful dignity, and makes afraid
The guilty who their guilty hands have laid
Upon the sinless; with confounding speech
He met the questions cunningly arrayed
To trap him with their answers, and to reach
Some point seditious he was wont his friends to. [teach.

LXVII.

The priests were his accusers and appealed
Unto the superstitions of the crowd;

Their charge was blasphemy, and they revealed
A fiendish jealousy, while they allowed
Themselves to labor with the rich and proud
Against the life of him who loved the poor;
They wished him and his teachings in the shroud;
They knew their wicked reign could not endure
His doctrine of just rule that would all evil cure.

LXVIII.

Finding no guilt upon the pris'ner's head,
The Court would fain release the Nazarene;
Appealing to the rabble, loud it said:
"According unto custom, choose between
Barrabas and this man of gentle mien;"
Barrabas was a robber widely known,
And him they chose, as all the world hath seen—
For robber rule, from highway to the throne,
The people ever since have owned with helpless [moan.

LXIX.

"What shall we do with the accused?" the court
Asked of the howling multitude at hand;
"Let him be crucified!" they, hot for sport,
Exclaimed with brutal fury; the demand
The court obeyed, to please the senseless band
Of fiends in flesh that hungered for the blood
Of him who had been wont for them to stand

Against oppression's wrong, and whom they should
Have sought to save, as he to save them oft had
[stood.

LXX.

The witnesses were dumb, the court ashamed,
Because against him it no evil found;
And so, perplexed, it openly proclaimed
Unto the brutal mob that gathered round,
In hope its unjust fury to confound;
But, unappeased, it clamored all the more,
And cried, "Let him be crucified!"— a sound
Most terrifying when its vicious roar
Falls on the ears of one who sees his race is o'er.

LXXI.

The court again declared it found no wrong
In him, and others mercy for him plead;
It washed its hands before the crazy throng,
And said its blood would rest upon its head;
"On us be all the blame; let it be shed!
We will that the pretender should be slain!"
As well appeal to the insensate dead
As the insensate mob; for it was plain
The priests had fired the mass and deep their plans
[had lain.

LXXII.

And they declared him pestilent and bad,
Who revolutionary doctrines taught;

He lacked respect for caste and wealth, and had
No love of earthly glory; and he sought
To treat all worldly pomp and pride as nought,
And thus to set distinctions all aside;
His democratic doctrines were so fraught
With reason, and the love of man so wide,
That titled greed and craft for his destruction
[sighed.

LXXIII.

But, as they feared the populace, they first
Belied and then reviled him to the crowd;
They held him up as one who should be cursed—
As one who never ought to be allowed
To live and tread the earth; and they avowed
With sinners and the low he drank and ate,
Associate of the meek and not the proud,
And brought him in contempt with those of late
He had befriended, and their hearts were turned to
[hate

LXXIV.

So he was doomed to die upon the cross;
They led him forth amid the raging throng,
Too dark and dull to feel a sense of loss
For one who tried to teach and make them strong;
And as with anguish torn he passed along,
They jeered and spat upon him, and they smote
Him with their cruel blows, nor felt the wrong

They heaped upon him, while the priests remote
Stood by to view the tragedy and mock and gloat.

LXXV.

His course was toward the dark and bloody hill
Of Calvary; the heavy cross he bore
Broke down his feeble frame; despite his will,
He fainted by the way, while soldiers swore
And lifted him and pressed him on before;
A crown of thorns is placed upon his brow,
And hailing him as king, the mob adore,
And tauntingly demand of him to go,
And by this miracle his Godlike power show.

LXXVI

Poor pupils of blind teachers, what a sight!
How superstition warps the human mind!
These children of delusion and the night
Are calling out for miracles, to find
This trick of crafty priesthood is designed
To bind them tighter and to sink them lower;
But long indeed it takes to lift mankind
Out of these depths and show them that no more
Are miracles performed, because this cheat is o'er.

LXXVII.

The Nazarene upon the cross is nailed,
And lifted up between two noted thieves;
Of Jews the king is he derisive hailed;
In spite of mortal pain, his spirit grieves,

And with convulsive sobs his bosom heaves,
To see the darkness of the human soul;
Turning within, to what he fain believes,
The shades of doubt across his vision roll,
And desolation's bells ring out their mournful toll.

LXXVIII.

But suff'ring thus and bearing gross abuse,
His heart still beats with pity for the mass;
And while his eyes the blinding tears suffuse,
They wander o'er the crowd, in which, alas!
There was no pity felt for him, and as
The cruel soldier coldly pierced him through,
The heavens frowning like a sky of brass,
He cried aloud, with all these foes in view:
"Father forgive them, for they know not what they [do!"

LXXIX.

In agony of body and of mind,
His soul still clinging to the suff'ring clay,
His struggling spirit sought in vain to find
Relief from torture's unrelenting sway;
He found it gave him no relief to pray,
His eyes continued still the world to see,
Which had deserted him and willed to slay,
And lifting up his voice beseechingly,
He cried: "My God, My God, hast thou forsaken [me?"

LXXX.

But kindly death at last brought him relief,
As it will bring relief to all who dare
And suffer in this world of pain and grief;
To him had been accorded full his share;
His burden oft was all that he could bear,
But well he did his work, and made his mark
Upon the ages, and his murderers stare
Adown the vista, standing pale and stark
Amid the light divine that glimmers through the [dark.

LXXXI.

And thus the noblest man on earth was slain
For striving to lift up his fellow man;
He sought to loosen superstition's chain,
And give unto the earth a higher plan
Of life and morals, placing in the van
Justice and truth, with love and mercy blent;
He founded no religion, but began
By teaching highest morals where he went,
And through the understanding sought the mind's [consent.

LXXXII.

But what he taught was dimly understood
By those who heard, because their minds were [set
On something supernatural, which would
Defy all understanding and beget
A sense of fear and awe in all; and yet

What kind of evidence is that which none
Can comprehend, and must confuse when met?
What need of miracles? Is not the sun
A miracle enough in sight of every one?

CANTO IV.

THE APPLICATION.

LXXXIII.

The life of man does not expire with death;
His deeds die not the moment they are done;
There's life depending not on mortal breath,
And deeds have their eternal course to run;
And man's career, when once on earth begun,
Becomes immortal, and forevermore
Bears sway amid the forces of the sun,
And sends its waves from boundless shore to shore;
In endless Now, it knows no after or before.

LXXXIV.

So in this world, men live through all the time
That follows in the pathway of their day;
The evil perishes, but deeds sublime
Forever bear their renovating sway;
And thoughts go forth in orderly array,
As messengers of truth, and ever fly
To carry tidings of the coming day
To all who will receive and gain thereby;
It is not all of life to live, nor death to die.

LXXXV.

But words are often misinterpreted,
And thoughts perverted from their meaning true;
As rays of light that through a lens are shed
Invert the image that they carry through;
So thoughts by mind distorted lose their due
And purposed meaning, and assume a bad;
There must be right and wrong, and old and new,
And things in good or evil may be clad
Within a realm of mingled forces—sane and mad.

LXXXVI.

So were the teachings of the Nazarene
Perverted to the use of basest end;
The good and simple-minded fail to glean
The real meaning that his words portend,
And have not trod the paths which they com-
Upon this fatal weekness, cunning craft [mend;
Has siezed with sharp avidity, to bend
The mind submissive to its will, and daft
With base success, has robbed and sneered, and
[laughed.

LXXXVII.

If any sought the priesthood to expose,
The laws of church and state, at quick command,
Most quickly came in force, their lips to close;
The same uplifted black and bloody hand
That crushed the Master crushes all who stand

For principles of justice, truth and right;
They are a villainous and vicious band
Who seek throughout the earth to keep in night
The multidude of men and sway them through
[affright.

LXXXVIII.

Oh, 'tis a sad and sick'ning sight to see
Men thus bereft of reason and of power,
Base elements supreme, and on the knee
The superstitious victims bend and cower
Before the chuckling tyrants of the hour!
Why cannot men lift up their eyes and see
God doth on all alike his blessings shower!--
That Being's laws demand that equity
Shall rule both high and low, and all alike be free?

LXXXIX.

The laws that rule himself God does not make
Nor has he power to change them in the least;
No power can add unto or from them take;
Their force cannot be lessened nor increased;
None but the selfish and deceptive priest
Claims to have power to change eternal law;
If God should break the law, the judgment seest
That he upon himself would surely draw
The penalty in all its force, abated not a straw.

XC.

One substance, in its endless shapes and forms,
Comprises all; these shapes and forms arise
From chaos and from nothingness to warm
And sentient beings, full of love and wise
In knowledge and in will to supervise
The movements of the lower forms of power;
No end to this unfolding, in it lies
The secret of all being, which can tower
Through all the possible beyond the present hour.

XCI.

What we believe or disbelieve is ours,
And rests on what we know or do not know;
'Tis not for others to condemn our powers,
Nor question why our views are thus or so;
We should be honest with ourselves, and go
The way our judgment and the spirit move;
If we the moral law observe, and show
A just regard for others' rights, we prove
That we the children are of justice, light and love.

XCII.

Belief without conviction of the mind
Is gross illusion, and of no effect;
Professed believers in blind creeds will find
Their better reason, one day, will reject
The affirmation. Then they may expect
To find they have been fed on empty air;

Their faith will be unable to select
A sound and stable footing anywhere—
The real substance having blown away in prayer.

XCIII.

Belief in falses and in sophistries
Is base delusion, and the soul enslaves;
It girds itself about with mysteries
Which totally obscure the light that saves;
In vain the captivated spirit raves
And tries itself from phantasies to free;
The pitfalls open, like so many graves,
To fill the struggling soul with misery,
Until all conscious being it would gladly flee.

XCIV.

By selfish parting from the world in cold
And bare seclusion, no good end is gained;
It propagates self-righteousness, and mold
Of egotism fouls the feeble brained
Who think that by this course the peace attained
Their future chance for glory will exalt;
'Twere better far for them to have remained
And borne, if they could not remove, the fault
That made them in their works of all good doing halt.

XCV.

Men strange ideas of forgiveness hold,
As if some arbitrary will could change

The workings of eternal law and mould
  The nature of existence; it is strange
  The human reason should so vaguely range
And entertain such thoughts, because of old
  A wily priesthood taught to town and grange
That it had power the keys of Heav'n to hold,
And all the favors of the future life controlled.

XCVI.

'Twas bold and dev'lish such a claim to make,
  And thus enslave the poor untutored mind,
A selfish thirst for power and gold to slake;
  And all who play for such a stake will find
  That all the gains of hell and earth combined
Cannot reward the fearful loss of soul;
  For all the gains will soon be left behind,
While all the loss will follow and control,
And awful terrors o'er the darkened spirit roll.

XCVII.

Our being's laws cannot be set aside,
  Like arbitrary man-made statutes—for
Our being's laws are natural and wide,
  And deep, and lasting as the spirit; nor
  Can they be changed in all their workings, or
Be ought but what they seem and really are—
  A part of us; and we must e'er abhor
The thought that they can perish, or life's car
Can ever roll save toward our hope's eternal star.

XCVIII.

If one of nature's laws we break, the pain
Of violated law is surely ours;
If we escape the fire, we must refrain
From its consuming presence; and what powers
Have we to save ourselves, if we from towers
Or precipices cast ourselves, or fall?
Before the laws of matter reason cowers;
So moral laws unchanging over all
Hold sway immutable, and govern great and small

XCIX.

Men must observe the moral law and lead
Lives void of all offense against mankind,
If they would shun all future pain; the deed
And not the creed is what the sanest mind
Perceives has value; 'tis the unconfined
And independent soul that upward soars;
No blind belief or unbelief can find
The narrow path that leads to wisdom's doors,
Nor fly—it is condemned to creep upon all-fours.

C.

But motives more than deeds expose the heart;
The purpose and the feeling that inspire
Index the status and decide the part;
Good deeds performed from vain or base desire
Have not the power to lift the actor higher,
Nor have they merit in themselves, though good

May follow, and the evil may retire;
As man's condition, so will be his mood,
And such his status in the common Brotherhood.

CI.

The good do kindly deeds from love of good;
The wise do right from love of what is right;
Their love of justice is a constant mood,
And principles are precious in their sight;
They are not vain to bring their deeds to light,
Though all their acts are done in open day;
By nature they are children of the light;
They do not from the path of duty stray,
But steadily pursue the straight and narrow way.

CII.

Not our religion, but our morals, then,
Concern the world and give the right to chide;
To rule the world by blind religion, men
For ages most disastrously have tried,
And, with hell-born tenacity and pride,
Have broken every law of love and right;
Reason and common sense they have defied,
And worked with all the powers of hell and night;
The angels shudder at the thought of such a sight.

CIII.

We need not more religion on the earth,
But higher morals in our daily lives;
Coward professions are of little worth

When scarce a spark of manliness survives,
And base hypocrisy on falsehood thrives;
Outspoken honesty is thrust aside,
And canting cunning artfully contrives,
Through vile influences and craft, to ride
Into all posts of trust upon corruption's tide.

CIV.

Obsequious members of a creeping throng,
Who never for themselves have dared to act,
Or speak, or think, or upright move along,
The people are the victims of a pact
To which they were not parties; and, in fact,
The pact is an informal one, but rules,
With force most terrible and most exact;
The church for ages having made them fools,
It now is nothing strange that Mammon makes [them tools.

CV.

The churches all are Mammon's, and their spires,
Like fingers, point to heav'n in mocking scorn;
Upon their altars burn unholy fires;
Their bells, that clangor every Sunday morn,
Proclaim with iron tongues whence they were born;
They stand between the human and divine,
And thus obscure the light of dawning morn
That must ere long in its effulgence shine
With knowledge, lighting up the workshop and the mine.

CVI.

It would appear that all the powers of hell
Their forces had combined to hide the truth;
And they their purpose have accomplished well;
For very difficult it is, forsooth,
For older minds or less matured youth,
To gather from the preacher's words a grain
Of practical import to help or soothe
The workings of an honest heart or brain; [slain.
Not only Jesus Christ, but common sense, they've

CVII.

They vex the mind with words and phrases vague,
And feed the soul on husks mildewed and dry,
The sea and earth they compass, like a plague;
Wherever they prevail, good morals die;
Nor is it difficult to answer why;
Their babble is about a bath of blood;
They boldly pass the understanding by,
As if the murder of a victim could
Atone, by mere belief, for outrage on the good.

CVIII.

They put religion first and morals last,
As if belief in what nobody knows
Were paramount to holding justice fast,
And could secure relief from pains and woes
Which come from violated law; there flows
Thro' all their teaching such a muddy vein

Of the impracticable that it shows
They do not understand what they would feign
Have others blindly follow and accept their reign.

CIX.

Religion is no guide, no guarantee;
The most religious often are the worst;
The most devout most ignorant may be,
And with a fiendish disposition cursed,
That augurs in their conduct all the worst
Of what frail human creatures can achieve;
The church hath every evil passion nursed
And says it will from sin and crime relieve
Offenders who pay tribute money and believe!

CX.

And so religion oft is made the cloak
Of basest action and the vilest sin;
Whether we wear the lustful Mormon yoke,
Or murder witches, who can look within
To judge of our sincerity? Begin
Upon a moral base, and we can tell
The status by the methods used to win;
But man's religion, guess we e'er so well,
We know not by his deeds—if born of heav'n or [hell.

CXI.

Not his religious but his moral code
Decides the daily conduct of the man;

His moral nature is the true abode
Of all his motives; and we see him plan
In strict accordance with his morals. Can
We on religion base our human laws
And make them just? No. We must place a ban
On all attempts to have religion's cause
Espoused by statesmen to secure a vain applause.

CXII.

All men who have within them hearts of flesh
Must shudder at the bloody record made
By men full of religious zeal, who, fresh
Have at the church's gloomy sanctum prayed,
And all their sins of past commission laid
Upon its altar, claiming they had won
God's special favor and his power arrayed
Upon their side—and who have foully done,
In dark religion's name, all crimes beneath the sun.

CANTO V.

THE SECOND COMING.

CXII.

The Nazarene was but a simple man,
And played his part as others theirs should play;
He came to teach no supernatural plan
For washing mankind's selfish sins away,
But bade them live uprightly every day—
In strict accord with all the laws divine,
And bow no more to Mammon's evil sway;
In many ways he let his wisdom shine,
And taught that precept and example should [combine.

CXIV.

It was a simple doctrine that he brought,
And applicable now, and through all time;
No superstitious forms or creeds he taught,
But upright living and a faith sublime
In moral law, and a desire to climb
The steeps of knowledge and philosophy;
All selfish doctrines with the ages rime
Before the melting sun of love must flee, [free.
Right take the place of might and all the world be

CXV.

Truth cannot always be, as now, ignored,
Nor justice be forever set aside;
One day there'll be a "coming of the Lord,"
That will humiliate all human pride;
And woe to them by whom he is denied;
He'll come in form of simple truth and right,
And all the doors of justice open wide;
All lover's of the just will hail the sight,
And only those will mourn whose deeds bear not the light.

CXVI.

The right of all to life, and light, and air,
Must be conceded by the great and small,
And equity must govern everywhere;
The rich will some day find they have a call
To share their surplus with the least of all,
And all the strong give aid unto the weak;
The cause of education on this ball
Must be extended unto all who seek,
And pride must have a fall and mingle with the [weak.

CXVII.

Which is the greater, to adorn your house
And build surroundings pleasing to the eye,
Or help your needy neighbor to arouse,
And give him fresh encouragement to try
And be the social equal of the high,

With longings to attain the higher berth
That's possible to all beneath the sky?
Who would not rather fill the land with mirth,
And beautify the men and women of the earth?

CXVIII.

Why make companions of insensate things,
And all your better self beneath them smother?
Who would not rather share the joy that clings
To one poor soul that loves to call him brother?
In the injunction, "Love ye one another,"
Are opened gates of happiness and joy
To him who heeds it well, and to no other,
That do not all the soul's fine senses cloy—
Treasures of Heav'n on earth, having no base alloy.

CXIX.

To beautify the earth, her children lift,
And fill with light the minds now dull and dark,
Is far more precious than would be the gift
Of all the sordid wealth of town and park,
Which does not own a solitary spark
Of conscious life to thrill with gratitude;
Why will not thinking men and women hark
And, with their selfish feelings well subdued,
Consent to try the path the Nazarene pursued?

CXX.

We want the living Christ in active life,
And not the worship of him crucified;

There is no power to end the cruel strife,
By telling to the hungry how he died,
Or what in mortal agony he cried,
When dying on the cross because he tore
The vesture of hypocrisy aside
And preached the gospel of the suffering poor;
The soul is dead that is not moved to something
[more.

CXXI.

The poor are always with you, and will be
Until they are restored their right to share
In all the gifts of heaven which we see
Has been provided for them everywhere;
They stand in need of justice, not of prayer;
Until accorded justice it is vain
To preach or pray for them; let those beware
Who still continue to withhold the gain
Of wealth unfairly taken from their toil and pain.

CXXII.

When men shall cease their baying of the moon,
Whining, like puppies whipped, in weak dispair,
And through the practical work for a boon,
Instead of breathing out their souls in prayer,
Wasting their substance on the desert air,
A change for good will come without delay,
And peace and plenty will their blessings bear;
No miracle will wash their sins away, [day.
But justice done will bring the bright millennial

CXXIII.

Man would be saved in all his selfish sins,
And keep on worshiping his earthly gods;
But reformation never thus begins;
Against it ever stands a fearful odds,
So long as he in Mammon's service plods,
And scrambles here to hoard for self alone;
Debasing competition soaks the rods [moan,
That scourge him to the death, and make him
While he by servile worship would his sins condone.

CXXIV.

One class by sharp finances ever prey
Upon the others, and, by their per cent.,
Extort their tribute, in a subtle way,
Through the machinery of government;
Another, on its selfish schemes intent,
Controls the railroads and the paths of trade,
And on all things along these channels sent
A heavy tribute over cost is laid,
And government permits where'er it does not aid.

CXXV.

The politicians, bent on place and job,
Are ever busy with their annual "steals;"
While each retainer who contrives to rob
The public treasury contented feels
A sort of ownership in all the wheels
Of shrewd machinery which bring him grist;

The speculator, with his cunning "deals,"
Knows "margins" well, and how the "corners" twist
The unearned thousands from the losers in the list.

CXXVI.

Dealers in trade competitive soon learn
Producer and consumer may be shorn;
While, like so many wolves, each in his turn
Seeks how his fat companions may be torn,
And their accumulations may be borne,
By business sharp, into his coffer's till;
'Tis nought to him if needy people mourn;
All work for self-aggrandizement, and will
To crush out rivalry, nor care for good or ill.

CXXVII.

And thus monopoly in every shape
Preys on the people and their substance draws;
And it is versed in many ways to rape
Their virtue, and to fill its hungry maws;
'Tis given sanction through unholy laws
For all it does, and neither church nor state
In all the robbery can see a cause
To rise against this power insatiate,
Which gathers millions at a most alarming rate.

CXXVIII.

What use unto the world are millionaires?
What good unto themselves or to their kind?
Monopolizing other people's shares,

Their narrow souls within themselves confined,
Conspiracy before and fraud behind,
They wither ere they die, while poor men slave;
Great in their littleness of heart and mind,
The toilers they despise and think it brave
To roundly villify the wronged at whom they rave.

CXXIX.

'Tis true the mass are ignorant; what shame
Rests on them for the thing they never had?
On those who kept them ignorant the blame
Must rest, if they are either dull or bad;
Oh, it is terrible as well as sad
That in a world so full of all things good,
Their souls and bodies should be poorly clad;
Their richer fellows should have nobly stood [hood.
For right and truth and an enlightened Brother-

CXXX.

The robbing of the toilers is a sin
That cries aloud unto the very throne
Of Justice; and its practice is akin
To that of starving infants—for the grown
Are only infants of a larger bone,
But starved in intellect as well as frame;
For this offense the robbers must atone
And somewhere give account for every aim
Whereby this fearful wrong and degradation came.

CXXXI

The thrones of earth are rocking with the throes
  Of threatened revolution, and the mass
Of toiling millions, in their bitter woes,
  Is seething like a cauldron; but, alas!
  The cup of bitterness can never pass,
And to its dregs they must its contents drain;
  The mitrailleuse will mow their ranks like grass,
Blood run like water, and tears fall like rain,
When they attempt their freedom and their rights
[to gain.

CXXXII

A heartless aristocracy and proud
  Now rules with iron rod; but o'er them hangs
A dark and angry and a bloody cloud,
  That soon will drip with gore; anon the clangs
  Of steel and pike, and more portentous bangs
Of clubs and hurling missiles will proclaim
  The raging conflict, while each fiber twangs
With feeling most intense, and aimless aims
Of wretched mobs the towns and cities wrap in
[flames.

CXXXIII.

Why cannot men be wise?—why not be just,
  And grant to all their portion in this world?
Why will they let themselves be ruled by lust
  Until avenging shafts, by justice hurled,

Shall smite them to the death, and vapors curled
Above their ruined homes shall show to all
The place where tyrants were from pow'r whirl'd,
While just men smiled to see the monsters fall,
But mourned the pride that would not heed the warning call.

CXXXIV.

But it must come, and will come, in the train
Of dire disaster that wrong-doing brings;
'Tis only by the blood of millions slain
The world can rid itself of priests and kings—
Those pests of nations, worse than worthless things,
Who ride upon the back of honest toil;
They are a blind and cruel set, that clings
As hungry leach to those who sweat and broil
For bare subsistence, in the shop and on the soil.

CXXXV.

At last, when closes tribulation's reign,
The punished people will unclose their eyes;
The sun of righteousness will shine so plain,
That they will hail its rays in glad surprise;
By long outrage and suffering made wise,
Co-operative principles will gain
Ascendancy; through governments will rise
True systems of exchanges which attain
The ends of justice, on the land and on the main.

CXXXVI.

All class distinctions then will pass away,
All nations have one statute and one creed;
Then government machinery will play
The parts demanded by the public need;
None will be privileged, so none will breed
Dissension or pervert the ways of deal;
All will resist the robbery of greed;
So all the rights of Brotherhood will feel,
And labor for promotion of the public weal.

CXXXVII.

Thus Christ will come, and thus will judgment come,
Thro'out the earth and on the rolling sea,
Till honest truth shall strike offenders dumb
And the enslaved are willingly set free;
No rest for tyrants can there ever be,
Till justice they accord to all, and then
All partial government will quickly flee,
As night before the sun, Christ come again,
With justice, peace on earth, and true good will to men.

CANTO VI.

WORDS OF HOPE.

XXXVIII.

We now return to where our theme began
And contemplate our being's destiny;
Existence here is narrowed to a span;
But every soul longs for eternity,
In which it may unfold in ecstacy,
And fill the measure of its boundless hope;
Harmoniously and ever blissfully,
In radiant glory it would ever ope,
And with the pleasing problem of its being cope.

CXXXIX.

All being moves in circles, and the end
In the beginning always will be found;
The seed we plant hath in it power to send,
When we have placed it in the nursing ground,
A tide of life like to its own around
To other seeds that will repeat the roll
Of evolution; and all things abound
With power to reproduce themselves. The soul
Hath reproductive powers, and typifies the Whole.

CXL.

The male and female elements unite
To generate all forms and shapes, and give
The vital impulse that, in love and light,
In turn shall reproduce their kind. We live
In endless growth and joy, and, representative
Of what has been or may be drawn from night
And chaos, our unfolding souls covive
The elements of life that have the might
To form around us spheres of beauty infinite.

CXLI.

In the beginning is the end. Our work
Is first in spirit done; and then perhaps
It never is externalized. We shirk
The burden of the physical, or lapse
For want of energy. Perchance the traps
Of some deep hidden force invade our path,
And this our efforts in confusion wraps—
Our spirit realm is mown like aftermath,
And all the mind's concepts are doomed to blight-
[ing rath.

CXLII.

When mind conceives, it hath the end in view,
And labors with all means to reach the end;
All powers intelligent this mode pursue,
And all existence to this mode must bend
And work as doth the law of Being tend;

We think in circles; each and every thought
Returns unto ourselves; thoughts comprehend
The smaller circles, or may be are caught
In larger ones which are involved in what is sought.

CXLIII.

Thus we have circles within circles, wheels
In wheels, as suns and planets course
Within the larger orbits of the fields
Wherein the stars revolve. All move by force
Of fundamental law, which is the source
Of motion—or, at least, it governs all;
All minds and realms obey this law—the hoarse
Tempest that cometh with a thunder-call,
And boundless ethers that surround each earthly ball.

CXLIV.

So we are drifting on—flies on the wheels
Of destiny's revolving forces grand;
And every living soul a potence feels
To mould or mar by its self-willed command;
And yet it sees that power on every hand
Is moving all things, heeding not its will;
Its power is all derived; it could not stand
A moment, if alone it had to fill
Its sphere of action, be it one of good or ill.

CXLV.

And yet it is an atom of the whole,

And with the whole must ever stand or fall;
It plays its part in the eternal roll,
In which there really is no great or small,
But each must fill his place in serving all;
To be elated with self-consequence,
Or bow despondingly and basely crawl,
Is equally and error or offense
That has its origin in darkness most intense.

CXLVI.

But man shall not forever dwell in night;
All things are moving toward a higher state;
The clouds of darkness melt before the light
Toward which all living beings gravitate;
A little more of growth and man will mate
In earthly life with those who've gone before;
The soul will openly communicate
With angels on the now forbidden shore;
Knowledge will banish doubt, and worship be no more.

CXLVII.

Our Godlike destiny none will deny
When superstition's clouds have rolled away;
The star of faith will light the future's sky
And common sense and reason have their sway;
The church will disappear in that glad day,
And truth, and right, and justice be supreme;
Light from above will shed its healing ray

O'er all the earth, and men will cease to dream
Of selfish ends, but be in spirit what they seem.

CXLVIII.

Dishonest, scheming business will be o'er;
And refuges for poverty and crime,
And the insane, will not be needed more;
All sharing equally, the fearful mime
Of folly's reign, and all the moral slime
Of politics and law will disappear;
No longer seen upon the shores of Time
Will the impostor be; the sway of fear
Will quickly vanish in the bright millennial year.

CXLIX.

The righteous have all cause to hope, and none
To harbor doubt, or timidly to quake
At what is coming on the earth. The sun
Will not forget to shine, nor moon to take
Her orbits round the earth; the world will shake
With moral forces, and the night and blood
Will be in the affairs of men, which make
The troubles that are coming like a flood
To swallow Mammon's host, and free the Brother-
[hood.

CL.

The state of childish innocence brings peace,
Because of lack of knowledge of the ill;
This unsophisticated state must cease

With the unfolding of the mind and will;
Taught by experience's bitter drill,
There come's the struggle of the growing mind
To rule, though selfish love, rebellious still,
Desires to have its sway and seeks to find
The means of breaking all the withes of law that [bind.

CLI.

Then comes the fearful struggle here on earth
Of good and evil in the human soul;
The love holds will a captive from its birth—
And love desires the body, and to roll
In luxury of appetite, and stroll
Along forbidden paths of fleshly lust;
And, as the magnet turns unto the pole,
It turns to all material things that rust,
And trails subjected mind and soul in sordid dust.

CLII.

The peace of wisdom comes when love submits,
And will is ruled by cultivated mind;
Then lasting innocence supremely sits
Upon the throne of conscience, and combined
Both love and wisdom rule in action kind,
And only in the good can find delight;
Then truth and beauty, in the soul enshrined,
Hold joyous intercourse with right and might,
Which stand united now to rout the hosts of night.

CLIII.

Evil is action on a lower plane
Than that on which the judging spirit dwells,
And causes physical or moral pain;
Conjunctions inharmonious make hells,
Involving all whom circumstance compels
Within the sphere of their malicious reigns;
The universal influence that wells
From the infernal spirit planes and gains
Control of men, is Satan breathing from those [planes.

CLIV.

The hell we suffer is the one we make,
Or others make for us, by evil ways;
From what we think, our deeds their color take;
By evil thoughts, we thread a mental maze
That folds us in its windings, and acraze
With incoherent forms that fill the mind,
We reel and stumble in the murky haze,
And learn it is forbidden thus to find
The straight and narrow way which virtue has [aligned.

CLV.

As our condition fits us for our work,
So we are instruments of good or ill;
We must do something, in or out the kirk,
And working with discriminative skill,
We learn to see the curse of evil will,

While suffering and pain subdue the heart;
  Thus we are brought a higher place to fill,
While conscience, with condemnatory smart,
Makes us resolve to choose and play a nobler part.

CLVI.

We see how hard it is for men to change
  A craving appetite; how hard to drop
Indulgence of an evil habit. Strange
  How inefficient is the will to stop
  When once the passions have removed the prop
Of self-control. The victim falls a slave
  And tumbles headlong from the sunny top
Of virtue's pinnacle. Henceforth the brave
Becomes a feeble wretch tossed on pollution's [wave.

CLVII.

Since it is hard for man to work reform
  When he is once confirmed in evil ways,
And every day he sees affections warm
  Cooled by the viper that on others preys,
  'Tis strange that he his manhood ever lays
On sin's unholy altar, there to burn
  In most debasing torments all his days,
And henceforth only sin's foul wages earn—
So hard it is for one astray to e'er return.

CLVIII.

Then if it is so very hard for men
  To mend their broken ways while in this life,

How can they hope to change their natures when
Their souls have passed beyond the earthly strife,
Like prisoners conquered in a contest rife
With good and evil, in which evil wins?
Wedded to ill, as husband unto wife,
There feeble souls, when spirit-life begins,
Are little else but an embodiment of sins.

CLIX.

Gone from a world of facts to one of laws,
The lever of the body cast aside,
From dealing with effect, they deal with cause;
Between the two there is a chasm wide,
And in the world of cause they must abide;
Themselves the cause, and of the evil kind,
How in their acts can good effects reside?
Here is a problem for the human mind
To ponder well ere self indulgence shall it bind.

CLX.

As our loves are, so are our lives. The things
We love are those which feed and clothe the soul;
We choose the things we love; indulgence brings
The soul unto the level of the goal
Which we have chosen; and it must control
Its future destiny. It sinks or soars
According to our lives, as to the pole
The needle turns and, by the force that pours
Along its length, is made magnetic like some ores.

CLXI.

The soul that once has risen moves in light,
And is companion of the angels high;
With vision clear, and strength'ning in its flight,
It leaves the earth behind without a sigh,
And rises, with an ever-bright'ning eye,
To where the harmony of all the spheres
Breaks on the ear as they go rolling by;
Though struggling still within this vale of tears,
It feels the sunshine sweet of God's eternal years.

CLXII.

Then cling not to the earth, but keep aloof
From all enslaving appetites, and fires
Of burning passions, and in wise reproof
Of all indulgence of the base desires;
An evil habit, when it once acquires
Ascendancy, rules with despotic sway;
Be free, and keep the soul above the mires
And quicksands of excess. Go not the way
The tempter leads; keep soul and body from decay.

CLXIII.

Roll on, oh! wheels of power, and bring the day
That captive leads captivity. I hail
With joy each sign of coming change—each ray
Of dawning light that makes earth's stars turn pale;
Too long mine ears have heard the pleading wail

And groans of the oppressed. The sodden ears
Of tyrants with more sodden conscience fail
To hear their cries or heed their falling tears;
Rejoice, oh! earth, when rulers fall upon their [spears.

CLXIV.

I do not wish them pain, but wish them free;
They are the minions of as cruel foes,
That captive hold their souls as ruthlessly
As they tread down the sacred rights of those
Born equal with them. Let the bitter throes
That note a new-born era rend the old
Till it has paid the cruel debt it owes
And given us an age of manlier mould—
An age of honest men who do not worship gold.

CLXV.

In such an age, the nuptial pair may dwell
In quiet peace and plenty, void of fear;
They will not feel, as now, the pangs of hell,
That broil the brain and send the scalding tear
Adown the cheek of want, or scorch and sear
The finer feelings of the loving heart
Till, life now grown a curse, they hail the bier
As bed of blest relief from every smart—
The emblem of oblivion—the end of cruel art.

CLXVI.

Oh! what a blest abode this earth will be
When each shall play his part, nor seek to gain

Possession or control of that which he
Knows well belongs to others, and refrain
From doing ought he sees will carry pain
To other hearts, but seeks by noble deed
To aid his fellows, and with might and main
Sows broadcast every good and useful seed,
While killing root and branch the foul and noxious [weed.

CLXVII.

'Twill be a world of plenty, then, and joy,
And want will be a hideous memory;
The human passions will be chaste and coy;
The human reason will be clear and free;
Then human love will banish misery,
And each will feel the wrong that others feel;
Justice in every human deal will be;
Against another none his heart will steel,
And all will plan and labor for the common weal.

CLXVIII.

Come quickly, then, oh! year of jubilee;
Let all the powers of Heav'n and earth unite
To usher in the time that is to be;
Let us in earnest fight the noble fight,
Till every selfish soul is vanquished quite,
And every rule of wrong is set aside;
Then might will be united with the right—
The cause for which the Christ was crucified—
The end for which the martyred good have lived [and died.

CLXIX.

Who will not join in such a holy cause?
Who can refuse to join is less than man;
Who works against it works against the laws
Of his own being and incurs the ban
Of justice, which will one day plan
Swift retribution on his guilty head;
'Twere better for him if his course were ran
Ere he had left the soft maternal bed
And hell around him had its baneful influence [shed.

CLXX.

Oh! Parents of the Universe, to thee
If I might lift a prayer, and thou wouldst hear,
It would be that mine eyes might live to see
The promised resurrection that the seer,
Of olden and of modern times, with clear
Unclouded vision, hath to earth foretold—
When men to pruning-hook will turn the spear,
And swords will into shining plowshares mould—
Beginning of the New and ending of the Old.

OTHER RHYMES.

A VISION.*

"I had a dream which was not all a dream."

I saw the earth, amid the depths of space
In clouds of blackness, rolling slow and dull!
Athwart the clouds shot lightnings, red and fierce;
The angry billows of the blackness seethed
And surged in ceaseless strife, as if the hate
Of hell did boil and bubble from below!
The sight was fearful! But an angel said:
"Have faith, be strong, and you shall see the end."

The angel, facing toward the purple east,
Gave signal with his hand, when lo! a light
Was seen to break along the verge, and grow
So rapidly into a blaze of most
Transcendant glory, that my eyes began
To fail me, and I fain would turn away,

*As actually seen in the waking state and described by the lamented wife of the author, in the year 1858.

But had no power to turn. The angel saw [them,
And touched my eyes, when strength came back to
And I prolonged my gaze, with wonder mixed,
Until the light, which bright and brighter grew,
Resolved itself into an angel host
Of numbers which no finite mind could count.
The face of each beamed brighter than the sun,
And from their wings, of soft and purest white,
They scattered rays of rosy tint, and trailed
Their robes of light along the bending sky,
The while mine ears and soul were ravished quite
With harmony ineffable that fell
From motion of the countless wings and forms.

They seemed a chorus animate, and drew
Themselves in circle round the murky ball,
Which, obdurate, alone in all the broad
Expanse of heav'n around, refused to give
One ray of light back, in return of all
The floods that fell upon it, but appeared
To blacker grow, in contrast with the blaze
In which it rolled. A shuddering cry arose, [still!
Which pierced the depths beneath, and all was

The angels then began to fan the mass
Of willful darkness with their wings, and sing
A song of triumph, unto which the skies
Gave joyful echo. Then the flames of a
Consuming fire began to burn amid

The stubborn night; and from the earth there came
The mutterings of thunder, and the moans
Of those who saw their drossy wealth depart
And mount the rising flame. They had no hope!
Their souls they rested on these fleeting things—
Justice forgot, and sympathy for man—
Nor saw the pit beneath, but scarce concealed!

As fiercer grew the flames, and louder moans
From Mammon-worshipers arose, I heard
Another sound. It was the song of those
Who long had waited, suffered long, and hoped
For that glad day. Amid the smoke, they looked
The reflex of the angel host above,
And sweet their song fell on God's list'ning ear.

At length, the last dark cloud went up amid
The purging flame. The last moan died away.
I saw the souls of those who Mammon served
Lie buried 'neath the ashes of their wealth!
And then the song of earth rose grand and clear,
And was caught up by all the angel host,
Who bore it on, and on, forevermore.
Behold! the earth, which erst was dead and dark,
Was full of life and beauty, and it swung
A priceless pearl before the sight of God.

The angel host retired, but left their light,
Through which there stretched a path of endless
That led to endless realms of life and love. [length

WAKING.

Between the two eternities I stand;
Behind me is the endless realm of night;
Before me is the endless realm of light;
They stretch eternally on either hand—
The realm of silent chaos, whence I came,
And that to which I go, the realm of vital flame.

Through all the past eternity I slept,
Unconscious of existence, till a ray
Of conscious life, shot from the realm of day,
Awoke me from my slumber, and I wept—
Gave one loud wail of pain, a helpless cry [why.
For help, without the power to think or reason

I vibrate 'twixt these realms of life and death,
In conscious waking and unconscious sleep;
Struggling awake to rise and mount the steep
Of everlasting progress, in the strife,
I fall exhausted back to senseless rest,
Till called to consciousness again by God's behest.

Thus does my throbbing heart its pulses roll
On thro' my veins; thus do the night and day
Alternate with me on my earthly way;
And thus come all the changes, while my soul
Is waking from its still and dreamless past,
And hopes and fears to be awake and live at last.

These alternations all will soon be o'er,
And endless waking come with endless day;
Then all the mystery will pass away
And life and light be ours forevermore;
The pangs of birth will end, exhaustion cease,
Amid the joys of love and everlasting peace.

Thank God that it is so! He comes with pow'r
To wake us from our nothingness, and give
To us the sweet and priceless boon to live.
Roll on the all-emancipating hour
That gives us everything, and nothing takes!
For, lo! the morning of our conscious being breaks!

THE SCALE OF BEING.

I bowed my ear and listened to the sound
I heard come welling up from depths unknown;
I turned my gaze into the deeps profound
Of inner life, wherein the love-light shone;
From upper realms, a force came streaming down,
And passed through earth to regions far below—
Passed through the mortal form I call my own,
Passed through the earth with motion all aglow,
And woke the double-bass of life's great undertone.

And then I saw the two sublime extremes
Of outer darkness and of inner light;
Nor could I fathom either in my dreams,

Nor comprehend the stretch of sound and sight
That lay between and penetrated each—
The realm of life and that which held the dead—
Beyond the power of either sense to reach!
Dying below in gloom and silence dread,
Above it swelled in glory beyond speech.

Then I perceived that motion governs all,
And makes conditions infinite in each;
From octave to octave they rise and fall
In spheres beyond the scope of finite reach;
Our conscious being wakes from silence deep
To bass scarce audible, and then we rise,
In spheres, or octaves grand, until we sweep
The scale unending that within us lies,
And, breathing music, climb the endless steep.

Life hath its pulses, and its nodes of rest,
Like unto those that fill the sounding string;
And so the cord of life, on being pressed
By God's own finger, doth responsive sing
Through all the spheres of being, and each node
Divides the spheres of pulsing life, and lets
The passing spirit rest upon the road
Before its feet on holier ground it sets—
And at this gate the soul lays down its weary load.

Oh! blessed rest, to every spirit given,
Which sets the soul from earth forever free;
Tuned at the straight and narrow gate of Heaven,

We rise to all we fondly hope to be—
Triumphant leave this realm of sin behind,
Drawn by the higher harmonies of love;—
The discords here so dominant do find
Their resolution in the sphere above,
All blending in one sweet accord of mind.

CONSOLATION.

My God, it is a pleasant sense to feel
That, when we drop this mortal presence here,
We part with all there is of sin and pain,
As things belonging to this earthly sphere;—
That all our ignorance and wanderings
Are parts and parcels of the common lot—
The incidentals of the spirit's growth,
To be at last forgiven and forgot.

'Tis good to feel that all is for the best,
And each must have the training that is given;
That love and wisdom surely govern all,
And lead us in the straightest road to Heaven;
'Tis good to feel that power infallible
Will bring out all our virtues, by and by,
And no poor soul at last will have the cause
To curse its God and wish that it could die.

THE OLD TRAMP.

Thanksgiving day, when Fashion thronged
The fashionable hall,
While over millions want and woe
Hung like a funeral pall,
The Christ of old came to the door,
In garments thin and worn;
His feet were bare; his naked brow
Bore impress of the thorn.

And all the suffering of the cross
Was written on his face;
And all the suffering of the poor
Added its sadder trace!
He looked for sympathy within—
He sought for justice, there!
"Father, they know not what they do!"
Was his departing prayer.

A patient God hath waited all
These eighteen hundred years,
While Christ hath wandered up and down
This selfish world in tears.
In search of shelter and of right,
Of justice and of love!
Wrong's waters leave no spot of rest,
No branch, for Noah's dove!

The foxes of the earth have holes,
The birds of air have nests;
The Son of God, on God's own earth,
Hath no place where he rests!
A tramping outcast is he where
God giveth all things free—
Where all have equal rights to life,
To earth, and air, and sea!

And yet the consciences of men
Do not perceive the wrong
That turns a Christ into a tramp,
Amid a purse-proud throng!
"The poor ye always have," was the
Reproach upon them hurled;
They will not let the Son of God
Share in God's own free world!

And so the wanderer wanders on—
The tramp is tramping still;
And Mammon every hour repeats
The scene on Calvary's hill!
But God cannot forever wait
For justice to be done;
Christ and his fellow-poor must take
Possession of their own.

Then will the depths of hell be stirred
And all the earth make room;
Then selfish greed and cunning craft

Will meet their final doom;
Then Mammon's sons will weep aloud,
And gnash their teeth in vain,
As night and silence close around
Their self-inflicted pain.

For justice must be done on earth
To each as God hath given,
And bring the equal reign of love
As love is known in Heaven;
Then none shall claim another's home,
Nor tax another's right
To help himself at God's free feast
Of earth, and air, and light.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., 1876.

TREMBLING FAITH.

Weary, oh! how weary,
Of this ceaseless struggle here,
Of this ceaseless hope and fear,
In a world so dark and dreary.

Knaves like hounds pursuing,
Caring nought for good or evil,
Seeking self and serving devil,
What is there that's worth the doing?

Fools so wisely sneering,

Ever ready with finesse,
Worshiping the rogue's success,
What is there to call endearing?

Press with banner furled,
Dumb to truth as any sphinx,
Speaking just as Mammon thinks,
Trifling o'er a suffering world.

In this realm of plunder,
Whence to us is power given?
Ruled are we by Hell or Heaven?—
Powers above or powers under?

Armies call for rations,
Devils leading fools to slaughter,
On the land and on the water,
Whence the pow'r that guides the nations?

Scan the question further—
Are we serving Heaven or Hell!
Whence the all-controlling spell,
Leading men to wrong and murther?

This we ask in meekness:
Are there higher powers to greet us?
Will those higher powers meet us,
Or we perish in our weakness?

What is the solution?
Sitteth God insensate, cold—

Brain of silver, heart of gold—
Counting mortals dross, pollution?

Heard he Jesus call?
Oh! the agony and sweat;
Oh! the deed men can't forget!
Calvary answereth for all.

Oh! the world's sad story:
Brutal bondage of the poor,
Toiling upward evermore,
Through oppression foul and gory.

Preying on each other,
See men grasp, and crush, and tear!—
Tigers fighting in their lair!
Brother robbing, killing brother.

Soul, who is the winner?
If we fast, or if we sup,
All must drink the bitter cup,
Saint as well as vilest sinner.

God, do not forsake them!
Born in selfishness and lust,
Groveling in want and dust,
When men learn their rights, they'll take [them.

Oh! the curse of blindness!
Blind in eyes and deaf in ears,
Slowly learning through their tears,
Snail-paced, creeping up to kindness.

Weary, oh! how weary,
Waiting for the growth of sight,
That must set the people right,
In a world so dark and dreary.

THE RULING PRINCE.

I had a vision. If awake
Or sleeping, matters not to thee;
It gave my spirit power to take
A view of things that are to be.

I saw a dark, grim monster, then,
Who rules the earth with power supreme;
He was so real, I could ken
He was no figment of a dream.

His shadow covered all the earth,
And held it in a cruel thrall;
On every creature, from its birth,
It settled like a funeral pall.

His eyes were dull and cruel; slow
He lifted up his hideous hand,
And opened it, and untold wo
Was scattered broadcast through the land.

He spake, and all the world bowed down
And trembled at his dread decree;

Uncertain was his mien; his frown
Was terrible beyond degree.

Into the church he boldly walked
And paralyzed the priest with fear;
In legislative halls he talked
And darkened council year by year.

Each generous thought he soon repressed
With persecution, jibe and sneer;
Injustice was by him caressed;
He sanctioned hatred's base career.

He worshiped aye at Mammon's shrine,
And aye his bloody flag unfurled;
He slaked his thirst in blood and wine,
And reveled o'er a bleeding world.

He stole the robes of Christ, and taught
That selfishness is godliness;
And then a mocking banner brought,
Condemning all who turned from this.

His minions went from land to land,
To proselyte and darken souls,
Proclaiming they had God's command
To save or damn what he controls.

The very earth shook with their tread,
The sky grew dark where'er they trod;
The air was thick with sick'ning dread,
And men lost faith in Love and God.

Indignant grew my soul to view
  The evil of this monstrous reign,
And loudly asked if Heaven knew
  The depth of its inflicted pain.

And then I saw the heavens ope,
  And angels passing to and fro;
On earth I saw their agents grope
  Amidst the scene of darkened woe.

A star upon each forehead gleamed, [went,
  And marked the path through which they
And in each countenance there beamed
  The purpose strong of their intent.

A halo round them shone and spread,
  In circles widening, until
It met the radiance o'er head
  And seemed the universe to fill.

In vain the Prince exerts his wiles,
  In vain the charges that he brings,
Proclaiming Heaven's agents vile
  Destroyers of existing things.

His sin-built institutions fall
  Like leaves in autumn touched by frost,
And consternation covers all
  Till every wicked hold is lost.

He madly raves and curses fate,

With gnashing teeth and jaws that cling;
His features glare with furious hate,
And every nerve with malice stings.

His rage is a consuming fire
That slowly withers him away,
Until his presence, dark and dire,
Gives place to everlasting day.

The vision ended. But I stood
And gazed, and heard as in a trance:
"Thus perisheth the fiend of blood,
The Prince of Darkness—*Ignorance!*"

THE STEEDS OF THE WIND.

Onward, speed onward, ye steeds of the wind,
Over the hills and the valleys below,
Leaving the scent of the roses behind,
Sweeping the earth with your breath, as you go,
Fanning the faces of feverish want,
Catching their wail, as you pass by the door,
Whisper to God, "They are pallid and gaunt!"
Tell him the tale of the suffering poor.

Much do I fear He's forgotten the dust
Tossing about on this planet of ours;
Tell Him—oh! tell Him—the God of the just,
How we are scourged by malevolent powers!

Tell him injustice and avarice dwell
In all of His temples devoted to man,
Making His kingdom the kingdom of hell,
Robbing His children and spoiling His plan.

Tell Him this message I send Him in haste,
Waiting the breaking of light through the grave;
Soon will this world be a desolate waste,
Should He delay in his power to save;
Tell Him to come, in His love and His light,
Darkness doth cover the earth with its pall,
We are devoured by the legions of night,
Death and his demons are gathering all.

Surely, He'll listen and hasten with power,
Down to the earth, with his legions of might,
Saving to virtue the bride and her dower,
Crushing the wrong and uplifting the right!
Speed, onward speed, then, ye steeds of the wind;
Bear unto God what I speak in your ear;
Speed with the speed of the lightning of mind;
Whisper to God!—He will hear! He will hear!

IMMORTALITY.

When this frail form of mine shall meet decay,
And all its elements are common dust,
And gasses thin that float like air away
And mingle here and there with what they must,

Shall I retain this self-same entity,
With all this earthly life in memory green?
Or, like our womb-life, will the present be
A thing by reason only to be seen?

Oh! shall I meet my loved ones face to face,
And all my friends come gathering round me, [then,
And we, as angels, joining in the race,
Together live, as here we live as men?
Or shall oblivion enwrap my soul,
And all its elements dissolve like dew,
Its particles uniting with the whole,
To be remoulded into something new?

'Tis my belief that we shall more and more
Be conscious of each other, and of life,
And that the vision stretching on before [strife,
Will backward farther reach, through scenes of
And we shall see ourselves like spectres toil
And struggle upward, thro' the realms of night,
As plants that push their roots down in the soil
Come springing up to greet the world of light.

Through faith alone our eyes the future sweep;
In deep unconsciousness my soul must roam
Across the darkened realm of dream and sleep,
Before to-morrow unto me can come;
Then why should I have doubts and fear the sleep
Of deep unconsciousness that we call death?

Will not the self-same power my spirit keep,
And clothe it still, and give it vital breath?

This spark of life, this living, thinking Me—
This entity, will spurn the mortal clod;
Part of Existence, it must ever be
A living atom of the living God;
Fear not, my soul, whatever hap befall,
For all the hosts of Power are standing by;
Ope wide the ear of faith, and hear the call:
"Fear not, poor soul; be not afraid—'tis I!"

THE UNUTTERED.*

Oh, voiceless mortals full of thought,
Oh, silent souls with songs unsung,
Had you the power of speech and song
That to the babbling few belong,
What good your eloquence had wrought,
How had the world with music rung!

The river running strong and deep,
With surface smooth as polished glass,
Makes not a solitary sound,
Yet mirrors with a truth profound

*It is wonderful that at those times, when I am conscious of the warmest and best feelings, my hand and tongue seem, as it were, tied, so that I can express nothing, nor give utterance to any of the thoughts that fill my breast.—HANS CHRISTAIN ANDERSEN.

The beauties that along it sleep,
  The glories that above it pass.

So many quiet souls unstirred
  Reflect the images sublime
    Of truths that never have been said,
    And light upon the world would shed,
But from their depths no voice is heard
  To echo on the shores of Time.

The brook goes wandering along,
  Complaining o'er its stony bed,
    Reflecting not a truthful ray
    Of all the things along its way,
But ever sings its shallow song
  To mourning heart and aching head.

So hungry souls still seek in vain
  And wait the birth of grander themes—
    Of truths the preachers never preach,
    Of truths the bards have failed to reach,
Responsive truths to heart and brain—
  A perfect answer to their dreams.

Our orators are yet to be,
  Our poets all are yet to come;
    When Truth alone shall loose the tongue,
    Then will the truths of God be sung;
The living truths that make men free
  Will move the lips that now are dumb.

THE DEAF AND THE BLIND.

Why should mortals war with fate?
Why should men their fellow hate
For his erring ways?
He is but a child of tears,
Groping through this vale of years,
Made of bitter days.

Waiting for the spirit-birth,
Men are wed to self and earth,
Prone to cruel strife;
They are jostling on their way,
Burdened with their gods of clay,
Mindless Love is life.

In a world ablaze with light,
Mortals grope in utter night,
Lost and spirit-blind;
Eyes they have, but see not clear;
Ears they have, but do not hear—
Dull in heart and mind.

Eyes were made for light to reach,
Ears were made for sound to teach—
Propheciés are both:
Spirit ears shall open be,
Mental eyes be made to see,
Purged by years of growth.

Open wide, oh! trembling eye;
Open, ear, and hear the cry
From our Father's home:
"You are basking in His smile,
God is speaking all the while,
Lo! the Christ hath come!

"Cease your grasping after pelf,
Love you neighbor as yourself—
Mercy ever waits;
As your Father perfect be,
Bring the year of jubilee,
Open Freedom's gates.

"Leave the kingdom of your lust,
Seek the kingdom of the just—
Nature's gifts are free;
Labor for the common good,
Heed the common brotherhood—
God will care for thee.

"Help your weaker fellow man,
Do the little good you can,
As the power is given;
Nought must rank with human worth,
Justice must be done on earth
As it is in heaven."

OUR BURDENS.

The rich and the poor have their dead ones to bury,
  The high and the low have their sorrows to pall;
Whatever our station, our share we must carry
  Of burdens that ignorance bringeth to all.

The poor in their poverty crave for a morsel,
  The rich with their riches are worried and vexed;
So justice decrees there must be a reversal—
  The rich in this world are the poor in the next.

That which is unequal compels a reaction,
  There's nothing goes up but there's something comes down;
The lie that is uttered must have its retraction,
  And selfishness meet its own face with a frown.

Existence is one, and the parts cannot suffer
  Without bringing suffering unto the whole;
Injustice is tough; restitution is tougher
  For one who awakes to a sin-stricken soul.

Who wrongeth his neighbor, or fails to be civil,
  Can never himself the sad consequence flee;
Whatever is done, if for good or for evil,
  To the least of thy brothers is done unto thee.

Men selfishly hoard and impoverish the many,
  And dry up the fountains whence cometh their gain;
And poverty, crime and disease haunteth any
  And all who so thoughtlessly, wantonly pain.

Thus man maketh hell and forsaketh the Heaven
That might be his portion while dwelling below;
He grasps at the shadow, by greediness driven,
And plunges from safety to fathomless wo.

The dog and the shadow, the dog in the manger,
Are types of our selfish ignoring of right;
To love, and to justice and wisdom, a stranger,
Dull Ignorance rules as the Prince of the Night.

GRASS.

Thank God for grass! No other glory vies
With the refreshing glory of the grass;
Not e'en the blue of the o'erbending skies,
Nor fading splendors when the daylight dies,
Can this sweet smile of living green surpass.

The flowers have only evanescent show;
With fleeting hue and odor soon they pass;
But with the song of bird and burst of blow,
From early spring till winter's virgin snow
Enshrouds the earth, appears the useful grass.

'Tis trodden on by man and beast, and mown,
And cropped, and still this ever-living mass
Appears in tender beauty all its own,
Where'er the living breath of God hath blown,
To bless both man and beast. Thank God for grass!

WE TWO.

In Oakwood, on a gently sloping mound,
  Repose the ashes of my angel wife,
The face turned northward. There I calmly count
  The stars around the pole, and think when life
Shall leave these aching limbs and heavy heart,
  They too shall slumber in this quiet bed,
Unvexed by worldly themes; and there apart
  We two shall moulder with the silent dead.

The winter winds shall sweep across our graves,
  All white with snow, and icy with the frost;
Then, as the summer breeze the surface laves,
  Perhaps 'twill breathe a sigh, as for the lost!
Some stranger coming here, with curious tread,
  May read the names and legends, then pass by
To note another grave, and shake his head,
  Half sad, and wond'ring what it is to die.

The dust beneath will surely heed him not,
  Nor care if one or millions tread the ground;
Like other senseless dust, 'twill be forgot,
  And mingle soon or late with dust around;
And this is all there is of earth; no trace
  We leave on matter; but they who have died
Performed their work among the human race,
  And left their impetus upon its tide.

Thus do we play our part, and thus we die,
  Our life-work blending with the life of all;
And, dust to dust, we do not question why
  We came and went at nature's potent call;
The soul, we trust, may take a higher flight
  And meet its kindred in a better sphere;
But, till the curtain lifts, we see no light,
  And, clothed in faith and hope, we drop a tear.

RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT.

I came—I knew not whence I came;
  I was—I knew not where;
I slowly woke to consciousness
  Of sunshine and of air;
I lived—I knew not how I lived;
  I grew—I knew not how;
Thought woke—I could not answer why;
  I cannot answer now.

Toil called to me, and so I toiled;
  Care met me on my way;
And want and pain came stalking on
  To haunt me night and day;
I had companions, but they all
  Had burdens like my own;
I wondered how it was we reaped
  What we had never sown.

I saw a world of wealth without,
A world of want within;
But wealth disdained the claim of need
As if it were a sin;
I marveled much at what I saw—
It was not understood;
I sometimes thought that right was wrong,
And evil must be good.

An angel met me on my way—
I did not know it then;
She placed her hand within my own—
I did as other men;
And children came as others came;
Our burdens grew apace;
Though patiently she shared, I saw
The suffering in her face.

But tired and weak at length she grew,
And fainted by the way!
She did not wake; I scarcely knew
If it were night or day!
Since then, I've wandered here and there,
And toiled as ne'er before,
Well knowing that she ne'er again
Will meet me at the door.

And is this all? Shall we not meet
Again as in our youth?
May we not share the sympathies

Of beings full of ruth?
We come and go—we know not how;
We trust, but cannot guide;
If angels live, 'tis not in vain
The good have lived and died.

TO MY WIFE.*

Ah! childlike we began to tread
Together earth-life's weary way,
And with a tender trust we shared
Until that dark and mournful day,
When death cut through, with cruel knife,
The tie that made you here my wife.

Though cut in twain the earthly bond,
And you have passed from sense and sight,
I cannot feel that this is all,
And I must sink in endless night—

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*The following response was received from Mrs. HATTIE J. RAY, of Fond du Lac, Wis.:

TO MY HUSBAND.

I am not dead, but passed from sight,
Beyond material sense and sound—
Beyond all pain and mortal strife,
Where I eternal life have found;
The cord that binds us glitters bright;
It cannot sink in endless night.

For something hints a future life,
When you again will be my wife.

And sometimes, in the silence soft,
I think I feel thy presence near;
And sometimes, too, I stop and list,
As if you whispered in my ear:

The veil that hangs between our worlds
Is naught to quickened spirit sight;
'Tis but a silvery, misty cloud,
With scintillating rays of light,
Through which I see, and pass at will;
I love thee, and am with thee still.

I know the burdens of earth life
Seem heavy with their weight of care—
So heavy that the spirit cries:
"'Tis surely more than I can bear;"
Know thou a brighter day draws near;
Thy recompense awaits thee here.

Ah! do not grieve for earthly woes—
'Tis but a span, a quick drawn-breath,
A short prelude, just in advance
Of Nature's song. There is no death,
But endless harmony of life,
Which makes me still thy loving wife.

The gentle whisper faintly heard,
As oft you list with bated breath.
Is my low voice, as earnestly
I murmur, "Love, there is no death,
But happy, blissful, endless life,
Where you shall clasp your Angel Wife."

"Grieve not; though dead to mortal strife,
I am thy living, loving wife."

When most alone, the most I feel
You know it all, and calmly wait
To welcome me with smiling face,
When I shall pass the misty gate,
And there, through realms of endless life,
You'll dwell with me—my angel wife.

TO MY WIFE IN HEAVEN.

Arise! immortal spirit;
Arise! wait not for me?
I tread the waves of darkness—
Why should I hinder thee?

The mortal thou hast compassed,
By evil powers slain,
And shouldst inherit freedom
From every mortal pain.

Then tarry not for others,
Who struggle here below;
Thou canst not ease their burdens
By sharing in their wo.

None can escape the birth-pangs
That come to every one,
And each must tread the wine-press,
As Christ hath trod—alone.

By man and God forsaken,
  Mid fiends the cross to bear,
If blood he sweat no marvel,
  In agony of prayer.

Oh! stern and cruel powers,
  That bind us to our fate,
Hard and unsympathizing,
  Implacable as hate!

When thy fell reign is over
  On this Plutonian shore,
Perhaps the kind immortals
  Will open Heaven's door.

But, struggling here in darkness,
  And where no aid can come,
I bow in resignation,
  And bear in patience dumb.

Arise! immortal spirit,
  Arise! wait not for me;
Thy place is with the angels—
  Thou art forever free.

15TH OF MAY.

Oh! sad to me, 15th of May;
In this same month, on this same day,
Death stole my earthly mate away,

And left me desolate and lone;
Reposing in my lonely bed,
With threescore years upon my head,
I could not half believe her dead,
Although I knew that she was gone.

Her place was empty at my side,
In vain her name I softly cried,
No tender voice to mine replied,
And only awful silence reigned!
I felt the fierceness of despair,
I cursed the powers of earth and air,
And would have fought them anywhere,
My earthly mate to have regained.

I sink in slumber long denied,
And fancy she is by my side,
And then my eyelids open wide,
As by some quick, unseen control;
With wifeless arms I clasp the air,
In painful proof she is not there,
And then a cloud of dark despair
Hangs heavy o'er my aching soul.

Sometimes she comes to me in dreams;
The vision then so real seems
That I can almost catch the gleams
Of angel faces bright with smiles;
Oh! sacred visions of the night,
A ceaseless longing fills me quite,

When thou hast faded from my sight
Adown the dark and empty aisles.

Oh! can it be that this is all?—
That life is ended at the pall,
And we no more shall hear the call
Of voices hushed that once were sweet?
If this is all there is of life,
'Twere better now to end the strife;
Let man ne'er know the love of wife
Nor watch the steps of infant feet.

Oh! forms of dear departed souls,
That leave with every hour that rolls,
Tell us what dreadful spell controls,
And keeps you silent from our view;
We cannot quite believe you dead;
Though silent while we bow the head,
Perhaps your sweet influence shed
Falls on our souls like spirit dew.

DREAM-LAND.

Oh! Dream-land to me is a wonderful land
And furnished with wonderful things;
Its scenes are so peaceful, so lovely and grand,
My soul to it tenderly clings.

'Tis there that I live in a pleasant abode,
With infinite reaches in view;

'Tis there that I walk in a wearyless road
That runs through the good and the true.

In Dream-land, I dwell with the loved and the lost,
And clasp her dear form to my breast;
There all that is good I enjoy without cost,
And labor brings infinite rest.

The world and its torments I banish below,
When Dream-land is opened to me;
I'm waiting and longing forever to go,
And dwell in this land of the free.

For there is my treasure, and there is my home,
And therein I build the ideal;
When earth fades away, unto thee I shall come,
Oh! Dream-land, eternal and real.

SHADOWS.

I walk beneath the clouds to-night;
The earth is dusk and dull;
Beyond, I know the stars are bright,
The heavens with glory full;
And yet the shadows on my soul
Will not be rolled away,
But, like a dark, forbidding scroll,
Shut out eternal day.

I mourn for those who suffer wrong,

Their heritage on earth—
Wronged even through their ancestors
Long ere the hour of birth;
Robbed of their equal rights to life,
The gifts by nature given,
The right to work, its honest fruits,
And all that fits for Heaven.

For usury, and false exchange,
Have taught the miser brood
How they can take the pound of flesh
Without the drop of blood;
They dry the living fountain up,
With hunger, want and pain,
And then with subtle knife they cut
The very heart in twain.

A ghastly hand comes up from hell,
With bonded debt up-piled,
And stretches out, with fiendish clutch,
To rob the unborn child;
And on this debt of flesh and blood,
Imposed without consent,
The usurer issues currency,
And draws a double rent.

And government, by statute law,
Bids toiling millions bow,
And yield to Mammon all the fruits
Of anvil, loom and plow;

In blind submission, hopeless fear,
Our Samson bends the knee,
And trembles lest he disobey
The sacred "powers that be!"

Oh! God of justice and of right,
Why tolerate such wrong?
Still is thy house the thieving den
Of a usurious throng;
Shylock, who counts his cent. per cent.,
Drawn through compulsory debt,
Gloats over his dishonest wealth,
The toilers' blood and sweat.

Canst thou not hear the pleading voice
Ascending unto thee:
"As they have done it unto these,
They've done it unto me?
Oh! Father, may this cup now pass—
I bow unto thy will!"
Look! and behold the cruel cross—
Thy Son is suffering still!

I walk beneath the clouds, to-night;
My soul is dark within;
I see the earth is suff'ring an
"Eclipse of hell and sin;"
Until the sun of righteousness
Shall roll these clouds away,

No earth-bound soul can see the light
Of the eternal day.

NOT HERE.

Cheer up, sad soul; the final goal
Is not within this realm of tears;
The rest we crave comes through the grave,
And never counts the changing years.

When we have done the race begun
Our souls shall wake in light and peace;
We then may know why here below
Our pain and wo could never cease.

Life is the test to find our best—
A touchstone to the spirit given;
If here we find the world unkind,
We more shall prize the love of Heaven.

To sow and reap, to learn and weep,
And better grow, we live this life;
Then what the need of grasping greed?
Why waste our years in cruel strife?

Why crawl and creep? Why hoard and heap,
And pile through wrong a useless store?
Why others grieve to treasures leave
In places we shall know no more?

Oh! let us strive to keep alive

The flower of justice—brother-love;
And write our creeds in honest deeds
We shall not blush to name above.

JULY 9, 1884.

This day I'm threescore years; 'tis no strange thing;
Others have been the same. There is no pause;
E'en thought must keep its pace with flying time,
In strict accord with God's eternal laws.

All things are moving. Nothing stops to rest;
And that which seems to rest but gathers strength
For further progress, or is changed in form
For higher flights, to which it turns at length.

All things are changing in their outward forms,
To suit the inner claims that rise amain;
The outward form decays as ends its use,
Its elements to be reformed again.

The soul goes onward in its upward flight,
I do believe, though slow that flight may be;
And as it rises, higher forms it wears,
Throughout the lapse of all eternity.

And while I write, this change is going on,
Refining still the essence of the soul;
And with this change come other changes still,
In me and my relations with the Whole.

What raises one must raise the whole great mass,
As e'en a drop must add to ocean's brine,
All seeming retrogression soon returns—
There's no such thing as permanent decline.

But our identity survives all change—
All time and all eternity survives;
No power can ever break our being's chain,
Though we may live thro' countless other lives.

That which I was when conscious life began,
That w[illegible] I be through all this vale of tears;
Though many outward changes I have borne,
I find I'm still the same at sixty years.

And I expect, when earthly life is done,
To wake in realms of clearer, purer light—
That scenes of beauty and of joy sublime
Will break in glory on my ravished sight.

A LOVE SONG.

I once a maiden knew
With eyes of liquid blue
That thrilled me through and through
With tender feeling;
Our ways of life were two;
We bade a sad adieu;
When next she came in view,
The bells were pealing.

Oh! tender ties that break,

Oh! broken hearts that ache,
Oh! Love, for thy dear sake,
The world is mourning.

Then fell a darker ray
Over the night and day,
As I went on my way,
In self-condoling;
The twilight turned to gray,
My heart to night a prey,
And then I heard them say
The bells were tolling.

Oh! tender ties that break,
Oh! broken hearts that ache,
Oh! Love, for thy dear sake,
The world is mourning.

Oh! does the spirit flee
From Love's sweet mystery,
And feel forever free
From mourning mortals?
If not, I know that she
Will fondly wait for me,
And her sweet face I'll see
At Heaven's portals.

Oh! tender ties that break,
Oh! broken hearts that ache,
Oh! Love, for thy dear sake,
The world is mourning.

CHOOSE YE.

Oh! know ye the powers that rule over mortals
And guide all their acts by invisible spell?
The one is supernal, the other infernal—
The freedom of Heaven, the bondage of hell.

The latter inclineth the man unto evil,
And maketh him selfish, regardless of right;
His soul is aflame with the love of dominion,
And dealeth in cunning, and worshipeth might.

He's crafty and greedy, he's false and ambitious,
And heartless and cruel, in action and soul;
He lieth in wait, like a glittering serpent,
While smoothly he playeth the hypocrite's role.

But Satan as subtly is weaving his meshes [make,
Around the dark creature who victims would
And finally draws him down into the caverns,
Where none of his ill-gotten dross he can take.

But he who is ruled by the powers supernal
Is tender and pitiful, generous and just; [careful;
Of the rights of his fellows he's conscious and
He hateth oppression and curbeth his lust.

By his side are the angels, conversing and walking,
And guiding his footsteps in pathways secure;
And lifting his thoughts to a glorious future,
Where all shall be joy with the good and the pure.

Now choose ye to-day if with God or with Mammon
You wish to be joined and eternally dwell;
Aye, choose ye the life that is just or is selfish—
The freedom of Heav'n or the bondage of hell.

THE NIGHT-WATCH.

The night is dark, the night is long,
And weary is the watch;
In memory fades the evening song,
As well the merry catch;
In gloom the landscape's sweep expires,
The stars look coldly down;
I long to see the morning's fires
The hoary hilltops crown.

How still the water-lilies sleep!
How cold the vapor clings!
I almost think the angels weep
As whippoorwill now sings;
This waiting makes me sad. My heart
Seems throbbing with his pain;
When will the tiresome night depart?—
But, let me look again.

Rejoice, oh! soul; the skies are bright;
The morn in glory breaks;
Behold the slender threads of light
That shimmer on the lakes!

The purple east is streaked with gold,
  The stars are fading fast;
The banners of the day unfurl,
  And nature wakes at last.

The night of earthly life, how dark!
  And when its shadows flee,
Whither will fly the vital spark?
  What visions shall it see?
I only hope—I cannot prove,
  But fervently I pray
To *know*—that I shall live and love
  In everlasting day.

CO-WORKERS.

Existence is a social plan,
  And likes are linked in sweet accord,
Hence, many think the self-same thought,
  That's uttered in the self same word.

None live alone. The spirit world
  Is all around us, and within;
Each soul is linked with angel hosts,
  Or with the wicked hosts of sin.

God leads us all through angel guides,
  Or through the subtle hosts of hell;
We are his instruments of use,
  And, through his guidance, all is well.

His love and light are sent to all;
  But, if we grovel in abuse,
Satanic souls will intervene
  To turn the good to evil use.

As darkness is a lack of light,
  So let it here be understood,
That wrong is but a lesser right,
  And evil but a lesser good.

For God so shapes the darkest deed
  Which human feeling can appal,
That it shall serve the cause of right
  And bring a little good to all.

Who works for evil, works against
  The Great Eternal and his love;
He labors under dire restraint
  That disappoints his every move.

Who labors with unselfish aim
  To banish wo and human need,
The powers of the Universe
  Unite to consumate his deed.

God helps us all; his will evokes
  From chaos order most sublime;
Let all aspire with him to be
  Co-workers on the shores of Time.

A MACHINE.

Among inventions wrought by man
Is one designed to walk;
Another, played by fingers skilled
On keys, is made to talk;
This poor automaton that has
No spark of soul within,
Squeaks out: "You–must–ex-cuse–me–for–
I'm–on-ly–a–m-a-c-h-i-n-e!"

Here is my *alter ego* found—
I own the brotherhood;
Played on by forces all unseen,
For evil or for good,
They make me wander to and fro,
They mould my speech, I ween;
So, please, "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

Now, when I hear the slan'drous tongue
Wag on in heartless glee,
Or fashion's folly rattled out
In words of blank to me,
Or gossip's tongue pour forth its words
Without a stop between,
I think, "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

We're born to wealth, or born to want,
Or born to pain or ease;

One wears the glow of health, and one
Inherits but disease;
We're nothing of ourselves, nor choose
If we be foul or clean;
Judge not. "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

Their being's law all things obey;
No mortal can depart
One fraction while the crimson blood
Returneth to the heart;
The freedom of the wind and wave
Is ours. Rebelling, e'en,
We yield. "You will excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

We do not mark the course of life;
We do not change the years;
We have no choice when we are moved
To laughter or to tears;
I see the hand of Providence
That guides the shifting scene;
My God, "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

Poor little puffs of conscious life!
We feel the drift within,
And think we will the course that leads
To righteousness or sin;
But we can change nor wind, nor tide,

Nor destiny. Serene,
I say, "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

For we are not self-acting, but
Self-conscious, and we feel
We are ourselves propellers, like
The fly upon the wheel;
Without our aid, come joy and wo,
The darkness and the sheen
Alike. 'You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

Mentalities above us move
Our spirits to and fro,
As when the bending tree-tops sway
In winds that fiercely blow;
We're buffeted from shore to shore,
As ocean crafts careen
In storms. "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

The Power that placed me in this world
Has pushed me roughly through,
And will at last remove me hence,
Whatever I may do;
So, with my last expiring breath,
That ends the anguish keen,
I'll lisp, "You—must—excuse me,—for
I'm—only—a—ma-chi——!"

If, when the final strife is o'er,
And earthly ties are riven,
Forgiving all my enemies,
As I would be forgiven,
I meet the "awful judgment seat,"
By mortal never seen,
I'll plead, "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

If, reader, you dislike this rhyme,
Its heresy proclaim;
I shall excuse you as a frail
Machine designed to blame;
But if, like me, you feel the power
That moves you all unseen,
You'll cry: "You must excuse me, for
I'm only a machine."

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Love Infinite embraces all,
And Love Supreme bears sway;
And we are each, though great or small,
Of Love a conscious ray;
From each to each the thrill of Love
By will of God is given,
And these quick rays effulge above
The warmth and light of Heaven.

ONE.

The Nazarene, who taught as none
  E'er taught before or since his day,
Proclaimed that Man and God are One,
  The Whole and Parts the same alway:
"In me the Father, I in you,
  And you in me, and we in all—
One family, divine and true,
  Each linked to each, to stand or fall."*

And he who does not feel this tie,
  Is but a shadow, void of life—
A bubble blown to break and die—
  A soulless child of earthly strife;
Has eyes but sees not, and has ears
  But hears not, nor can understand—
A phantom blown by gusts of fears
  Toward boundless outer shadow-land.

But he who feels the inner flame
  Of life burn deeply, wisely lives
For others' good, not self nor fame,
  And knows how blest is he that gives;
He loves the good, he seeks the truth,
  And bows to none the cringing knee;

*John, 17—21: That they all may be one, as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. 23: I in them, thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one.

His soul lives in immortal youth,
  And hails the truth that makes it free.†

He feels the will of God within
  As his, that justice should be done,
And would roll back the cloud of sin
  Not yet dispelled since man begun;
And rising into higher light,
  The reign of justice well he knows
Would banish want and cruel might,
  And drown in plenty all our woes.‡

But, wo to us! for every hour
  We send our undeveloped souls
Into the unseen realm of power
  Through which our earthly life unfolds;
They cloud our mental atmosphere,
  And so obscure the rays divine
That we are filled with doubts and fears,
  And even some deny they shine.

Our wicked ones we should reform,
  And all the dark illuminate;
And thus subdue the rising storm
  That comes of want, and wrong, and hate,

†John, 8—32: And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.

‡Matthew, 6—33: But seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things [worldly goods] shall be added unto you.

All should receive our moulding care,
To make them angels when they're done;
Such work will surely be a prayer
That God will answer—"We are One!"

THE LIGHT.

Ye are the light of all the world;
So live your light may shine
To light the trembling steps of those
Who seek the truth divine.

Illume the paths that lead to death
Adown the dread decline,
And show to all self-seeking souls
How hideous Mammon's shrine.

Free are the gifts of earth and air;
Why strive for Mine and Thine?
Our Father gives enough for all—
Why war with his design?

Love thou thy neighbor as thyself—
His rights are thine and mine;
But share with him the load of life—
'Tis sweeter far than wine.

Lo! Justice pleads throughout the earth,
Where wrong and might combine;
Obey her voice and do her works,
And Heaven will on you shine.

GOD'S IMAGE.

Man first, in the beginning,
  Then Woman stands confessed;
To Man the gift of wisdom,
  With love the Woman blessed.

And thus the two united,
  In wisdom's glory shod,
And clothed in love's own beauty,
  The image are of God.

The Man the form of wisdom,
  The Woman form of love,
Unite in life eternal,
  As God is one above.

The one completes the other,
  And fitteth both for use;
The perfect round of being,
  Their future lives educe.

Their destiny the spirit
  Invites me to rehearse:—
The pair become the center
  Of their own universe.

They generate by union
  The elements divine,
Which ultimate in uses,
  And orderly combine.

Thus suns, and worlds, and systems,
Are into being brought;
And thus come men and angels—
And thus God's work is wrought.

Behold! the round of being
My spirit eye discerns;
So God to man returneth,
And man to God returns.

HATTIE.

Our Hattie is a plain wee bird,
Disporting in her cage all day;
In early morn her voice is heard,
And with the eve it dies away;
And as she sits her perch and swings,
With vital forces bubbling o'er,
One soft, sweet song is all she sings,
And all she ever sang before.

She knows no guile, she fears no wrong,
But hops and chirps in birdlike glee;
What things she gets to her belong,
As yours to you or mine to me;
She asks no questions, has no doubts,
But lives and sings, content to be;
She knows her cage's ins and outs,
And fills her mission, feeling free.

Can you and I do more than this?
  What more than duty can we do?
And doing it, how can we miss
  Feeling as free, both I and you?
I'd rather be a simple bird,
  Without a soul, and wronging none,
Than have my life with discord stirred
  In piling pelf to leave when done.

THE TRUE AND FALSE.

Some men are born to tell the truth,
  And some are born to falsify;
But, worse than speech, there's none so false
  As he whose life is all a lie.

Some men are born to aid the good,
  And some are born to aid the evil;
But he who deals in treacherous ways
  Most cheats himself and serves the devil.

Some men are born to rise in worth,
  And some are born to sink in night;
The latter grovel in their lusts
  And utterly reject the light.

Some men are born ingenuous,
  And some are born in gross deceit;
But worst of all untruthful men
  Is the accomplished hypocrite.

Some men do wrong from want of thought,
And some do wrong from pure design;
One serves his country, man and God,
The other self and powers malign.

Hence, there is nc'er a cause so just
But has its foes inspired by hates;
And there is ne'er a cause so bad
But finds its zealous advocates.

Thus good and evil, true and false,
Wage ceaseless warfare in the world;
And though the good is gaining ground,
The bad has not from power been hurled.

For men are loath to make the change
By which the better reign begins;
The multitude by far prefer
To longer revel in their sins.

Put it to vote to-day, and let
The public voice our fate decide;
The powers of hell would still prevail
And Christ again be crucified.

COMING JUSTICE.

A few more days of toil and trouble,
In waging war with wrong and might;

A few more days of doubt and darkness,
And all of earth will end in night.

But, glorious fact, the world is moving,
And all the race is lifted up;
Dark superstition's clouds were broken
When Christ drank the bitter cup.

The Truth that makes men free is spreading,
Toilers now can see the right;
And the coming tide is rising
That shall bring redeeming light.

Neither king nor priest can stem it,
It heedeth not their beck or nod,
It comes as storm or earthquake cometh—
Justice at the hand of God.

SINNING AGAINST HUMANITY.

See aristocratic knaves
Trading in the work of slaves.—
Slaves of want instead of lashes!
See the brutal free-trade fruits—
Toilers treated worse than brutes,
By Lords whom no foul wrong abashes!

INDEPENDENCE DAY---1880.

Lo! Freedom from celestial heights,
Now beckons man to loftier flights;
With Justice by her side, she waits
To fling wide open Freedom's gates;
When prince and peasant, side by side,
May equal stand, in modest pride,
Two brothers, clothed with equal might,
Both governed by the sense of right.

When dakness ruled beyond the sea,
God kept this country for the free;
And when oppression's greedy host
Came here with threat and pompous boast,
To fix the curse upon this land
Of king and crown, a sturdy band
Of braves sprang up, to meet and smite
These minions of the Prince of Night,
And drive them from the sacred shore
Designed for Freedom evermore.

Still, like a dark, foreboding fear,
The curse of slavery nestled here,
While Mammon's agents, full of wile,
Sought how to Freedom's sons beguile,
And some, like Hamilton, gave heed
To Monarchy's seductive creed,
And fixed on us a moneyed power
That rides and robs us, hour by hour,;

It fastens on the ungrown corn,
It taxes children yet unborn;
Enslaving every son of toil,
It seeks control of all the soil,
And, with its usury and rent,
It rules us all without consent;
It sets aside all moral rules,
And makes our agents Mammon's tools;
While crime and want stalk to and fro,
And fill this sacred land with wo!
Great God! is this the feast of love
For which our grand forefathers strove?

But while the trusted traitorous hand
Obeyed the usurer's base command,
We had our noble Washington,
Who would not stoop to wear a crown;
We had our Jefferson, who rose
Above the sneers of titled foes,
And made our institutions still
In form express the people's will.

The slavery that a menace stood
Was finally washed out with blood;
But, though men's bodies are not sold,
We barter labor still for gold,
And God's design we still defy,
Nor heed our suffering brother's cry,
While building high the Babel tower

That points to the confusing hour,
When Justice will demand her own
And Babylon be overthrown;
Then all this scene of empty show,
This rotten mass of gilded wo,
Free trade and commerce, banks and stocks,
Disintegrating with the shocks
Of outraged human nature's wrath,
Accumulating in their path,
Will fall, as fabled Satan fell,
From highest heaven to deepest hell.

The hosts are gathering; Europe groans
Through all her weak and weary bones,
With the oppressor's galling load,
Which stings the masses like a goad,
And monarchs, quite distraught in mind,
The meanest sufferers of their kind,
Would gladly find relief in death,
If God would only take their breath;
But, cowards trembling in their fear,
Their prayers, they find, God will not hear;
They see the horrid gathering mass:
They know the cup they cannot pass;
Mountains of sin, of son and sire,
When kindled by the people's ire,
Will burn with a consuming fire;
And royal blood will flow as free
As water pours into the sea;

The people's blood flowed in the past –
The tyrants' blood will flow at last.

What shall avail their armies great,
On which they build their fraud of state,
When frenzy seizes every soul,
And masses wild together roll,
As pent-up waters barriers break,
When earth's foundations groan and quake?
The God of Vengeance will be there,
And stench and smoke will fill the air,
While ruthless Nature sets aside
The silly pomp of human pride.

While war prevails beyond the flood,
Must our dear land be drenched in blood!
We have the ballot left us still,
But where hath gone the virtuous will
Which nerved our sires to strike the blow
That laid the base invaders low?
"Dumb driven cattle!" Party strife
Already hath prepared the knife!
Like sheep to shambles, we the polls
Approach and vote by party rolls;
We've not the nerve to dare be free—
We choose who shall our butchers be;
Designing leaders make the choice,
And we approve with servile voice.

Approved by all the potentates,
Lo! in the West our Cæsar waits;*
The blood he tasted brings him back,
A tiger lurking on our track;
Our monarchists exclaim, "All hail!"
And Mammon follows in his trail;
With stony eye and stolid mien,
He watched Chicago's doubtful scene;
And though his henchmen lost the fight,
And he proclaims that "All is right,"
He hopes, through bloody civil strife,
To reach the object of his life;
As once, through vote of seven to eight,
The land escaped a bloody fate,
So yet, through vote of eight to seven,
It may to discord dire be driven,
And this the grand occasion be
For his enforced supremacy.

God grant our progress may be made
Without Destruction's direful aid—
Without a taste of tyranny,
Such as exists beyond the sea;
We have at our command the power
To reap the fruits of Freedom's dower

*Many of the American people believed that in the third-term movement there was a deep-laid plot to put Gen. Grant into the presidential chair and keep him there the remainder of his days. The author so believed.

Without baptism in the fire
And blood of battle's fearful ire;
But men must ope their eyes and see
The evils of the "powers that be,"
And cease to follow in the wake
Of men who work for plunder's sake,
And better men they must demand
As *servants*—not to *rule* the land;
We want no government so strong
That none dare speak against the wrong;
We want a people equal, free,
And not an aristocracy,
That rules through Mammon's evil sway,
And laughs at Independence Day;
We should advance the common good,
And work for common brotherhood,
Spurning with potent social ban
Him who would rule his fellow-man.

But Education's needed work
No patriot can rightly shirk;
To agitate and educate,
Prepares the way to renovate;
And these must follow fast and sure,
Would we our nation's sickness cure;
Conservatism's cursed rock
Awaits to give the deadly shock,
Unless we shift our sails and steer
For waters deep, and calm, and clear,

Where, mirrored on its placid face,
Is Heaven's beauty, Heaven's grace,
And all the elements divine
In triple glory meet and shine;
One view like this the future shows;
And one with lurid anger glows.

Awake, oh! Nations deaf and dumb,
For, lo! the judging angels come;
The East is dark with ancient night,
The West is red with rosy light;
Prepare your lamps while yet 'tis day,
Or perish on the darkened way.

TO THE RICH.

Do not rob your fellow-mortal—
  Wealth was given you for use,
Not to spend in self-indulgence,
  Nor to waste in gross abuse.

Do not wrong your weaker brother,
  Power was given you to aid,
Not to wield for self-dominion,
  Nor to make the weak afraid.

Wealth and power involve a duty—
  You should aid your fellow-man;
Educate the dark and erring,
  Help the suffering when you can.

Feed and clothe and teach the needy—
Don't oppress them with your might;
Don't assume that you are holier,
And the pauper has no right.

Life is short and wealth is fleeting—
Do not hoard from vain desire
To be rich and live in splendor—
Earthly glories soon expire.

Strive to make the world the better
For your living here below;
Strive to make the earth the brighter
By your presence, where you go.

Prince and pauper, lord and peasant,
Meet as equals at the grave;
Wealth avails not in the future—
Only loving deeds can save.

Bear in mind that Christ, the Teacher,
Had not where to lay his head;
Bear in mind how wealthy Dives,
For a drop of water plead.

GRINDING.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But they grind exceeding small;"
They are run by infernal engines,

And they grind up souls and all;
The gods are there in their glory,
The wicked are there in their lust,
And into the hoppers are tumbled
And ground to invisible dust.

And this is the "outer darkness"
To which the selfish go;
And here is enforced the judgment
That endeth all their woe;
Returning to elements senseless,
And powerless for further abuse,
They are moulded by powers supernal
And made into vessels of use.

Then know ye the powers of heaven
Reign over the powers of hell,
And make even fiends and devils
Fulfill their purposes well;
That while the righteous go upward,
To dwell in immortal youth,
The wicked, when ground into soul-dust,
Make fertile the Gardens of Truth.

TO NED

ON HIS FIRST BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY.

My year-old grandson, Ned,
There's much that might be said,

Could your dear little head
But understand it;
And yet you look as wise,
Out of your two blue eyes,
On this birthday surprise,
As if you planned it.

And I am not so sure
But one so young and pure
Can solve the question truer
About our being,
Than heads that have grown older,
Than hearts that have grown colder,
Than eyes that have grown bolder
By longer seeing.

I wish I only knew
A simple thing or two
That does not bother you,
But me is vexing,
For age gives no relief
And life seems all too brief
For solving this, the chief
Question perplexing.

Is life a thing begun
Beneath this earthly sun,
Or has it ever run
Without beginning?

And is this but a phase,
Along our being's ways—
One of the countless days
Life's wheel is spinning?

But here's a truce to this;
I deem it not amiss
You make your guileless kiss
The only answer;
I hope you, in your love,
Than I may wiser prove,
But harmless as a dove,
When you're a man, sir.

PAUPER-MAKERS.*

Oh! God, in a world of plenty,
That any should want for bread;
Where hundreds can boast of their millions,
That millions should go unfed;
Oh! wickedly selfish mortals,
What think you the end will be,
Of robbing your weaker fellows
To revel in luxury?

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*Matthew xxiii, 14—Wo unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for pretense make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation. 33—Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

Do you think there is no justice?
  Do you think there is no power
To some time restore the balance
  And rule at the judgment hour?
Your riches shall rise and accuse you,
  And haunt you, asleep and awake—
In troops the wronged ones before you
  Shall enter and make you quake.

For a season, you heartlessly garner,
  You turn, and the day hath sped,
The darkness of death is upon you,
  You join in the march of the dead;
You go to prepare for the judgment,
  And live in your sins for a spell;
Then cometh the sentence eternal,
  You sink to your places in hell!

GREAT AND SMALL.

When I reflect how very small I am
  In this great universe of conscious being,
I feel I am too weak to even damn—
  Too feeble, even, to be worth the seeing.

Despairingly, I toss my arms in air
  And humbly bow my head in abnegation;
How dare I even think about a prayer,
  Or claim with the divine the least relation?

But is it nothing that a part I am,
A speck of this vast universe of being?—
A microscopic point too small to damn,
But yet with all the other points agreeing?

What is it to be great, or to be small?
There is no great or small to the All-Seeing;
Content to be the smallest of them all,
Thank God, I'm part of the Eternal Being.

SMILES AND TEARS.

How stands the man above the brute?
Both have the self-same flesh and blood,
Both have the self-same pains and ills
That flesh is heir to, and the good.

Brutes have their memories and their likes
And dislikes of the things they meet;
They come and go, from seeming choice,
With flying wings or flying feet.

Brutes have their instincts, close akin
To judgment and the higher views
Of man's perception, and their love
Of offspring, and their sad adieus.

Brutes have their voices, but they're not
Articulate like that of man;

Dumb actions more express their moods
Than any tones they utter can.

Brutes seem to reason and resolve—
Have loves and longings and have fears;
But they rise not above the earth—
They have no gift of smiles or tears.

Brutes have their love of life, and fight
In self-defense this life to save,
But have not any hope or thought
Of spirit life beyond the grave.

They have no progress in this life,
No fond desire for higher spheres;
They have no signs of soaring soul,
The only heir to smiles and tears.

FAITHFUL WORKERS.

Faithful souls can never weary
In the work of doing good,
Gaining strength from each endeavor
For the human brotherhood.

Though the duty be unpleasant,
Though the world be dark and cold,
To the future from the present
Look the faithful, brave and bold.

Instruments of God's own using,
  Working out his will as theirs,
Good into their work infusing,
  Doing deeds, not saying prayers.

Self-forgetting in their duty,
  Conscientious in their ways,
Spirits of immortal beauty,
  Seeking right instead of praise.

Such can never, never weary
  In the work to them assigned;
Though the path be long and dreary,
  Sweet companionship they find.

For good spirits and the angels
  Walk with them by night and day;
Earnest workers and evangels,
  God is with them all the way.

THE FALL OF MAN.

Tradition and the sacred books
  Point to the fall of man
From the original estate
  Assigned in Being's plan.

They tell us of an Eden state,
  When man, in innocence,

Maintained a childlike purity,
Not dreaming of offense.

Oft have I pondered on this myth,
Its inner sense to trace,
And what it teaches us to-day
To aid the human race.

What was the fall? How did it come?
What was the first offense
That brought upon the human race
A burden so immense?

The tempter was his selfishness,
And he from Justice fell;
What else could cast him headlong down
From Heaven into Hell?

In what does man's redemption lie?
Christ answered, in his day:
"Pursue the path of righteousness,
The straight and narrow way.

"Seek ye God's kingdom of the just,
Pursue it evermore,
Then will all things which you may need,
Be added to your store."

Lo! this would end all want and wo,
Would banish every sin,
And make God's earth a heaven below
To rear his children in.

A NEW-YEAR'S ADDRESS---1884.

So you are here, Sir Eighty-Four!
We'd hail and welcome you, but sore
We've rued such rashness o'er and o'er,
Repenting at our leisure;
And hence, before we bid you hail,
Please tell us how you'll carry sail,
What you will do, in what you'll fail,
And let us take your measure.

Like those we've welcomed here before,
Are you corrupted to the core,
And leagued with minions from the shore
Of Hades' dire dominion?
If so, we will not shake your hand,
Howe'er you bow, howe'er so bland;
'Twill bring no good to this fair land,
If darkened by your pinion.

Now, let us question you awhile,
And see if lurks beneath your smile
The spirit of Satanic wile,
That seeks to win our graces,
And then—betraying one and all,
As Year the First did at the "Fall,"
When he on Adam made his call—
Defy us to our faces.

If this is what you mean to do,
We've had enough of such as you,
And curse the whole train of your crew,
From Year First to the present;
They've all proved false, in word and deed,
And we begin to hate the breed;
We're tired and sick, and feel the need
Of one that's true and pleasant.

Will you make bare the schemes of sin,
And let the rays of daylight in
On all the scamps who plot and grin,
While plundering the people?
Will you hypocrisy expose,
And put a ring in Satan's nose,
As up and down the aisle he goes,
Beneath the church's steeple?

Will you financial questions clear,
And make the people see and hear
How Mammon robs them, year by year,
Through usury, banks and bubbles?
How government is run by men
Whose chief ambition is to ken
Some subtler way to steal, and then
On others charge our troubles?

Will you the Beast of Commerce strip,
And show how hideous the ship
That barters on each selfish trip

The blood and sweat of labor—
Grinding the workers down to want,
Filling their ranks with famine gaunt,
Meeting their wo with sneer and taunt,
Exclaiming, "Who's my neighbor?"

Will you proclaim, in words of fire,
The laborer worthy of his hire,
And cool the hell of greed's desire,
In all its cruel ranges?
Cause selfishness the wrong to flee
Of making labor cheap, and see
The beauteousness of equity
And justice in exchanges?

Will you monopoly unearth,
Expose the nature of its birth,
Its love of self, contempt of worth,
Its communistic evils?
How sure it crooks and cramps the soul,
To one subordinates the whole,
Puts love of rule beyond control,
And mortals turns to devils?

Will you raise manhood over wealth?
Will you make pleasure bow to health?
Will you crown frankness, banish stealth,
Turn property to uses?
Will you give justice once a trial?
Will you speak truth without denial?

Will you keep wrath corked in a vial?
And trample out abuses?

If so, we bid you welcome here;
If not, to outer darkness steer—
You are at any cost too dear;
We're better off without you;
So, stay you here or go your way;
We name conditions for your stay;
But, spite of these, if you betray,
You make the hell about you.

LIFE.

Each soul's a living fount of Life
Forever running o'er,
A spring supplied from God's warm love
Outflowing evermore.

The blood that courses through His veins
Is coursing in our own,
But slowed and cooled, by coming far,
To earth-life's lower tone.

The brain of God's the source of light,
His heart the source of heat;
These light and warm the Universe,
And guide our erring feet.

Through all the quickened spirit world,

God's beating heart is heard,
And all, except the dull of earth,
Are by its pulses stirred.

The angels feel the thrill of joy
Which hushes every strife,
And Heaven beats, in rhythm sweet,
The psalm of endless life.

THE NEW COMMANDMENT.

The Nazarene laid down the law—
A new commandment gave his brother:
"I say to you be reconciled,
And also love ye one another."

And this, interpreted in act,
Would all malicious feeling smother—
Would rise above all selfishness,
And end in, "Help ye one another."

This precept makes all human kin
As dear as father or as mother,
And we should feel a heavenly joy
When we are helping one another.

The souls that have not strayed from God,
By setting self above each other,
Need not be told by deed or word
To either love or help a brother.

The self-same origin of all
  Means equal justice for each other;
How can he ask the help of God
  Who never tried to help a brother?

A WAIL.

How sad a thing is life on earth,
  Beset with thorns through all the way!
E'en at the moment of its birth,
  Before its eyes have seen the day,
The infant bids the world all hail
With pitiful and long-drawn wail.

It opes its eyes on sun and shade,
  And slowly learns that all is vain,
As one by one its idols fade
  And leave a sadd'ning sense of pain;
The joys of life grow weak and stale,
The aching heart finds voice in wail.

E'en music's sweetest tones are sad,
  And over love there hangs a fear;
The gay are either blind or mad,
  And hope hangs trembling on a tear;
As sorrow tells her touching tale,
The pitying soul sends forth a wail.

A retrospect brings no relief;
  The way is strewn with wrecks and wrongs;

On all there lies a shade of grief,
And pity chants her mourning songs;
We see our best endeavors fail,
And life is one long, bitter wail.

At last, when suns no more shall rise
For us, the soul prepared for flight—
When all is fading from our eyes,
And comes the long and last good night—
While pangs our weeping friends assail,
We pass from earth mid sob and wail.

A sad but sacred thing is life;
A dark and solemn thing is death;
In trust, we meet the pain and strife
That leave us but with parting breath;
Death here is ever on our trail,
But does existence end in wail?

The soul looks up for life on high,
Believing he who gave will give;
Oh! let us live as if to die,
And die as if it were to live;
We must find haven for our sail
Where nevermore is heard a wail.

OUR MOTHER.

The world before "Our Father" bows
In adoration blind,

But quite forgets to mention Her,
The Mother of Mankind.

Yet She must be the "Better Half,"
And partner in the plan,
To generate the Universe
And people it with man.

To Her I raise my thoughts, to Her
For sympathy I pray;
Will not her loving soul go forth
In pity every day?

She'll not o'erlook her earthly child,
Nor from his presence flee;
Oh, Mother of the Universe,
I feign would come to Thee.

In secret closet, or abroad,
Where'er my work is wrought,
Direct me in my every deed,
And mould my every thought.

Our Mother who in Heaven art,
Beloved be thy name;
Thy queendom come, Thy will be done
In Heaven and earth the same.

Give us this day our daily bread,
Our many sins forgive;
And when this weary life is done,
With Thee, oh, let us live.

And let us not be tempted sore,
Beyond our power to bear;
But keep us from all evil ways,
And shield us everywhere.

'Tis thus to Thee, Our Mother dear,
Our daily thoughts ascend;
Thy Love be ours forevermore,
Thy presence without end.

DOWNWARD.

The blind have led the blind so long,
And gone so very far astray,
Men cannot see the narrow way
That runs between the right and wrong,
Nor tell if it is night or day.

So, straggling on, the selfish crowd
Are trampling thousands in the dust
In vain attempts to sate their lust
With what goes not beyond the shroud,
But perisheth by moth and rust.

They quite forget the goal they sought,
When first they started on the road,
And tarry with a weary load
Of trash that cometh soon to naught,
While death prepares their dark abode.

They cease to long for love or light,
  They do not wish for any change,
  Although it seems most passing strange,
But such as leads to endless night,
  Thro' which their souls must ever range.

Companions fit for bat and owl,
  In sunless twilight there they mope,
  While mid their fantasies they grope,
As wolves for prey by moonlight prowl,
  But clinging to a rayless hope.

They have no wish for better things,
  They have but little sense or sight;
  Here is their home, here their delight;
To this their very being clings,
  Preferring darkness unto light.

They know not truth, but quake with fear;
  They do the evil that they dare,
  And choose the place in which they are;
They hate the God that even here
  Gives all the good that they can bear.

Self-immolated, ruled by self,
  They fill their places self-prepared;
  Self-worshipers, on earth they dared
To prey on others for their pelf;
  But now their very souls are bared.

Here they must struggle with their kind,
Self meeting selfishness alone,
Each claiming all things for his own,
But soon in bitterness to find
He hath indeed the whirlwind sown.

His phantom riches come and go;
Between elation and despair,
He puffs his cheeks, he rends his hair,
His triumphs ending all in woe,
While his companions mocking stare.

He cannot bear a better state;
His very soul is so insane
The least of love would burn his brain
And fill his heart with hotter hate,
And make his ravings more inane.

To evil he forever clings;
To Heav'n he tightly shuts the door,
And moves toward the other shore,
Until annihilation brings
Him "outer darkness" evermore.

UPWARD.

One of two ways we must pursue;
We have alternate day and night,
We dwell between the wrong and right,

And have our choice between the two—
To either shun or seek the light.

There comes a parting of the ways;
We've tasted right, we've tasted wrong,
We've had our schooling with the throng,
We've lived our term of earthly days,
And seek the place where we belong.

There's death in every thing we touch—
For every earthly thing must die;
We scarcely meet it ere it fly
And leave us sorrowing overmuch;
'Tis not for us to question why.

The earnest soul looks for a guide
Above this world of crumbling clay;
It does not even wish to stay
And ride upon the boist'rous tide
Where rest forsakes us night and day.

We seek to rise above the dust—
Above the devil-haunted slums,
Above the miser's hoarded sums,
To where is neither moth nor rust,
To where corruption never comes.

We turn from fashion's giddy throng,
And shun the glare of gilt and pride—
The bubbles on the golden tide

That tell how men grow rich by wrong,
And how the plundered toilers died.

We seek for justice, knowing well
God's kingdom thus must come on earth;
We shun the throngs of boist'rous mirth,
And upward look, defying hell,
Believing in a higher birth.

For as man thinketh, so he is;
The fool can doubt; the wise believes;
He sees, and reasons, and receives;
The doubter makes the darkness his
And feeds his soul on husks and shives.

The soul that climbs, to something clings,
And passes on to something more;
'Tis ever knocking at the door,
And every moment something brings
As tokens of a farther shore.

There is no end to sound belief—
For sound belief is never blind;
The seeking soul is sure to find
Some ray of hope to calm its grief,
Some solid anchor for the mind.

It grows and strengthens without end;
It broadens into endless day;
It always seeks the better way

To which its future course must tend,
And upward mounts for aye and aye.

And thus expanding evermore
In Godlike order, 't will rehearse
The story of the Universe,
That has an ever-spreading shore
The outer darkness to disperse.

WORK.

Oh, men, upright and grand,
Oh, women brave and true,
There's work enough in this wide world
For you and me to do;
For education's work
Is only just begun;
It grows with every child that's born,
And spreads from sun to sun.

Each generation born
Must in its turn be taught,
And bear the light of wisdom on,
And swell the tide of thought;
Oh, should we careless let
One generation go,
'Twould make a void of darkness here
And fill the world with wo.

The end no mind could see,
  Nor yet the loss compute;
'Twould set the gates of hell ajar,
  And turn the man to brute;
Then force would be supreme,
  Injustice bear the sway,
And wrong triumph a thousand-fold
  More than it does to-day.

Then, workers, to the front,
  And lift the children up—
Give them to drink, both long and deep,
  From Wisdom's precious cup;
For thus the work goes on,
  And thus the goal is won;
And so must men their duty do,
  Till all God's work is done.

EVOLUTION.

Each planet has its childhood
  Of thoughtless innocence;
Then comes the youthful wild mood
  Of being more intense.

The days of thought and doubting
  Come creeping on apace;
And man, his wisdom flouting,
  Alone would win the race.

Then bravely he proposes
And works with all his skill;
Another Power disposes,
And bends him to its will.

At last, in his despairing,
He learns the vital truth,
And endeth by declaring
The folly of his youth.

His selfishness forsakes him—
He drinks the bitter cup;
Then God looks down and takes him,
And gently lifts him up.

DESTINY OF A SOUL.

Life in the tree crops out in fruit;
Each seed hath power to reproduce
And manifest itself in use;
The end of this who can compute?

Thus life in God crops out in man;
His generations come and go,
As on the vital forces flow;
But whence and whither, who can scan?

The tide must ever onward roll;
Without beginning, without end,

Who can existence comprehend,
Or read the future of a soul?

'Tis my belief that, born of clod,
The soul expands at Love's sweet call,
And generates, till it is all
The strongest mind conceives of God.

Nor is this all. It stops not here,
For still the tide of life rolls out
And cannot rest, while round about
Evolves new being, sphere on sphere.

Existence has no bound or shore—
For love and wisdom must unite
And generate their heat and light,
Unfolding life forevermore.

AN EVENING'S THOUGHTS.

How closely blent are thought and deed—
How closely mind and matter blent!
See life and flesh as one content—
Spirit and body well agreed!

We see the earthly body dies—
Whence goes the more important part,
That willed the deed, that moved the heart—
The soul that loved, the mind so wise?

The conscious life has been transferred
From flesh to mind, from clay to self;
And left the sordid world of pelf,
To be by finer forces stirred.

The grosser part has dropped away;
The living substance still survives,
And freer, stronger, nobly strives
To turn our darkness into day.

This is my hope, this my belief—
That purer feeling, real life
But just begins when ends the strife
Of brute sensations, mortal grief.

Welcome the reign of truth and trust;
Away with superstition's God,
Before whose baneful beck and nod
Mankind have groveled in the dust.

We darkly grope along our way;
Our ignorance makes mystery;
We lack the growth and light to see,
And wait and grow toward the day.

Oh! wondrous feat of skill and might
That through the fibrous brain can send
A thought that at the fingers' end
Is traced in lucid lines of light.

All things are thoughts revealed to view;
All thoughts are forms from mind that spring,
And mind is God in every thing—
The All in All, the Old and New.

TROUBLE.

What is trouble? What is pain?
What is loss, and what is gain?
That we should mourn and bow our heads in tears,
When the bubbles of this life
Break amid the selfish strife,
Or yield ourselves to murmurings and fears?

Had we nought to stir the soul,
Tearing us from earth's control,
And moving us to struggle toward the light,
Progress would not be for man;
He would end where he began,
Or listless downward sink in endless night,

Every earthly loss is gain,
Every earthly tie brings pain,
Because it must be broken ere we rise;
When our earthly race is run,
Lighted by a brighter sun,
Our troubles past we'll view with gladdened eyes.

"OUR FATHER."

We draw our life and power,
From one great beating heart,
And for a single hour
Cannot survive apart.

The earth, in its evolving,
Has reached the selfish plane,
And man, in his resolving,
Is bent on sordid gain.

He feels his pulses welling,
And thinks them all his own;
The thought within him swelling,
He claims as his alone.

The poor, unfolded spirit
Has nought but what is given;
And cannot, on its merit,
Ascend from hell to Heaven.

But God, "Our Father," seeing
The weakness of His child,
From out His loving being,
Hath looked on man and smiled.

GENESIS.

Nothing was e'er created
In all the boundless range;

But all things generated
  Evolved through endless change.

There ne'er was a beginning
  Of Being as a whole;
No time devoid of sinning,
  When earths began to roll.

Our God was born and nourished
  As infants now are bred;
He loved, and grew, and flourished,
  He met his love and wed.

There's no one found in Heaven
  Who was not once on earth—
To none was life e'er given
  Without an earthly birth.

What now we see before us
  Was always seen before;
The sky that's bending o'er us
  Bent o'er the sons of yore.

The angels sinned and sorrowed
  As mortals sorrow now;
And Christ, by devils harrowed,
  Wore thorns upon his brow.

"Our Father" was a mortal,
  And suffered mortal pain;
Through Christ, he passed earth's portal,
  And suffered it again.

Through Christ he sympathizes
With all who suffer here,
And aids the soul that rises
To seek a higher sphere.

Oh, man! be up and doing—
God opens wide the door;
Look up, he is renewing
Life's stream forevermore.

SONG.

When Adam lived in paradise,
He wasn't quite content,
Until a mate, his life to share,
Kind Heaven to him sent;
The two companions saw at once
What was their true relation,
And so began to live the life
Of true co-operation.

Alas! their boys could not agree
To live as happy brothers,
And brought a world of misery
Upon themselves and others.

Their boys fell out, the story goes,
And precious blood was spilt;
And ever since the murderer

Has added to his guilt
By following the wicked scheme
Of selfish competition,
Which drags the human family
Forever toward perdition.

Oh! had these erring boys behaved,
And lived as happy brothers,
What suffering they would have saved
Unto themselves and others!

But why continue, brother men,
To merit Heaven's frown,
And strive to elevate yourselves
By dragging others down?
It is not hard, I ween, to see
What is our fit relation,
And then begin to live the life
Of true co-operation.

Oh! sister woman, brother man,
Be true unto each other,
And see in each no other than
A sister or a brother.

LO!-HERE.

When you hear men cry, "Lo! here
Is the way for wicked sinners,"
Go not there, for it is clear

They are Mammon's subtle spinners
Of the web of craft and greed—
Spun to make their victims bleed.

Priest and king have ruled too long
For our welfare and progression;
When they fail to force the wrong,
They resort to false profession,
Drawing luxury and ease
From a world on bended knees.

Take no man's "thus saith the Lord"—
There's too much of such dictation;
Judge ye of the deed and word—
Study well their true relation;
God works no exclusive plan—
Truth belongs to every man.

Judge yourselves of what is right,
E'en as you fortell the weather;
Not from darkness cometh light,
Grapes from thorns ye do not gather;
By its fruits a tree is known—
Men must reap as they have sown.

Just as wide to you as priest,
If ye knock, the door will open;
Fear not—come to freedom's feast,
Though blind slaves ye long have gropen;

Seek the kingdon just and true—
Other things will come to you.

Leave the priest and prince alone—
God has no respect for persons;
Bread He giveth not for stone;
All their claims are vile aspersions
Of the God who, all things prove,
Asks not worship, but our love.

Seek for justice, seek for truth,
Follow not the base pretender;
Do not bow your heads in ruth,
Be your own, be man's defender;
Of the priest ye have no need—
God Himself will intercede.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

Pleasant the faces, here and there,
We meet along the road of life;
Each face seems like a living prayer,
Amid the scenes of earthly strife—
A gleam of sunshine on our way,
A ray of hope that makes us strong—
That helps to turn our night to day,
And puts new joy into our song.

NOT PEACE, BUT A SWORD.

I am not come to bring you peace,
  For that were death in such a state;
I come to bring the lost release
  From galling bondage, greed and hate;
I bring a sword, and scourging war,
  Until the ends of Justice come;
The fight shall cease not henceforth, nor
  The trumpet's voice henceforth be dumb.

Alone I throw the gauntlet down,
  Defying all the hosts of hell,
And right, till wrong has lost its crown,
  With righteous souls its ranks shall swell;
The muster may be slow but sure;
  The hosts of wrong in vain contend;
Right principles alone endure,
  And Justice clearly sees the end.

And such a war and such a throng,
  In darkness clad and steeped in night!
Who think to them all things belong
  By virtue of the law of might—
Whose little world is bound by self,
  Who have no faith in right or good;
Whose God is but a god of pelf,
  Who have no sense of brotherhood.

Full well I know the foe; full well
The struggle will be fierce and long;
But what if years in thousands tell
How righteousness contends with wrong?
No sense of safety all those years
Shall come to one of Mammon's sons;
But he shall hug and nurse his fears,
And grasps but shadows as he runs.

The triumph shall be mine; at last,
The powers of earth and hell must yield;
So wage the battle fierce and fast,
And ceaselessly on every field,
Till Justice quells the hosts of night,
And truth and love shall rule again;
Till Right stands forth in robes of light,
With peace on earth, good will to men.

TO ALBERT

ON HIS TWENTY-FIRST BIRTHDAY.

You ask of me a birthday rhyme,
And, hastily complying,
I snatch a moment of my time,
When Time is swiftly flying.

My son, to-day you're twenty-one;
The world is all before you;

The earth is firm you tread upon,
The heavens are bending o'er you.

If fortune frowns, do not lose heart—
It's been the fate of others;
But bravely on, and play your part
Among your worthy brothers.

Life hath its shadows and its lights,
Its ups and downs, and changes,
But you can find some pleasant sights
Where'er your future ranges.

May guardian angels guide your feet
Along the paths of Beauty,
And you find satisfaction sweet
In doing all your duty.

GOD.

Who hath seen God? Who hath seen power?
No one, the Scripture saith;
And yet belief that they exist
Rests not alone on faith.

Something exists. This every mind
Is willing to confess;
That which exists is God alone—
The all of somethingness.

There is but one existence—One;
All are but parts of this—
The outward forms which mind assumes,
In all its variedness.

To think, is to create—to form;
All our imaginings
Are objects of the Realm of Thought—
The world of real things.

The power that prompts the brain to think,
The quick explosive force,
The rending fiery thunderbolt,
Have all the self-same source.

One blood goes pulsing through all hearts,
One life supplies all earths;
One will projects all forms and shapes
That have their countless births.

As sap that courseth through the tree,
A life-inspiring flood,
They work in every tiny leaf
And swell in every bud.

The thoughts of God made visible
Fill this external sphere;
The life of God invisible
Sustains our being here.

There is but one great source of power,
From which all others come—

One power—one will—the will of God—
Else all were dead and dumb.

WORSHIP.

My soul went out in search of one
Who liked to be adored—
Who wished the erring sons of earth
To worship him as Lord.

Through all the darkest realms of hell
They met me on my way,
And each of legions cried to me:
"Behold! to me they pray."

I spurned the whole Satanic throng,
That wandered there in night,
And sought among the shining host,
Who dwell in endless light.

But not a being could I find,
Through all the way I trod,
Of great or small, or high or low,
Who would be praised as God.

They said that only tyrants claimed
The homage of the weak,
And only in the brutal realms
For worship did they seek.

And this I gathered in my search,
And pondered where I went:
None great enough and good enough
For worship will consent.

Then how infernal worship is
Was burned into my mind,
And I exclaimed to every god:
"Thou Satan, get behind!"

I found the lower down, the more
Submissiveness they claim,
Till freedom, love and light are lost,
Except in empty name.

The Being who sustains us all—
The God of Christ above
Wants no obsequious homage paid,
But freedom, faith and love.

A WARNING VOICE.

Men make the hell we suffer here
By worshiping the god of greed,
And scrambling for the hoarded pelf
Which Labor has, through want and fear,
Brought forth by skill and daring deed
To tempt the craven soul of self.

The rich dig gulfs with their own hands
  Which cut them off from Heaven's shore,
    As wealthy Dives was of old;
They thus, in all the suffering lands,
  Make Lazaruses, as of yore,
    And sell their souls for sordid gold.

They might make Heaven here as well,
  By just co-operative power,
    Which giveth what belongs to each;
But competition breedeth hell—
  It is the modern Babel tower,
    The top of which all seek to reach.

This selfish scramble must have end,
  If not in reason, then in wo—
    If not in justice, then in might;
The wronged, by God nerved to defend,
  In vengeance will their power throw
    To bury foes in blood and night.

If the oppressor could be warned,
  The change would come with quiet ease,
    And Justice poise her scales in love;
But if all just appeals are scorned,
  'Twill end this cruel reign of peace,
    And vultures scream where coos the dove.

God help the people! God forgive
  The rich who know not what they do,

And crucify the Savior still;
For those who wrong the least that live
A course of cruelty pursue
That points in guilt to Calvary's Hill.

Eternal justice must be done,
The rule of earth must be reversed,
And wealth-made class must pass away;
Redemption's work has been begun,
The rule of Heaven on earth must burst
In light, and power, and God-like sway!

THE END.

Why all this mourning for the dead?
Why all this anguish mortal?
For every mother's child must tread
Death's dark and silent portal.

The dead are freed from earthly woes;
There is an end of sighing;
And every weeping mourner knows
The living are the dying.

The self-same power that placed us here
Sees fit to take us thither;
And from the cradle to the bier,
Whatever blooms must wither.

The greedy grasp the things of earth,
And, grasping them, they perish;

While others struggle on from birth,
With little here to cherish.

But high and low, the rich and poor,
Come to the same conclusion;
The final message cometh sure,
And calmeth all confusion.

It surely must be for the best
This life is brief and fleeting;
Oh! may it end in glorious rest,
And many a happy meeting.

UNBELIEF.

Gross unbelief is almost universal,
And worse within the churches than without;
In practice, creeds have their complete reversal,
Because of doubt.

The churchmen twice attend the church on Sunday,
In strict compliance with their narrow creeds;
Their unbelief assumes control on Monday
In all their deeds.

The worldly sinner gets a cordial damning—
Is warned that he the cup of wrath must flee;
The next six days they show that they were sham-
And worse than he. [ming,

The hypocrites of old kept clean the platter,
So far as outward cleanliness atones,
But they were sepulchres of foulest matter,
And dead men's bones.

The modern hypocrites are no less carnal,
No less like stealthy beasts of prey they prowl;
These modern sepulchres are no less charnel,
And no less foul.

They make long prayers for show in public places,
They rob the widows and oppress the poor,
And strive to make by sanctimonious faces,
Election sure.

They compass all by means most strictly legal,
While working misery's hut is daily thronged;
They dwell in mansions and in style most regal,
And curse the wronged.

They traverse sea and earth for church extension,
And make the victims which their numbers swell
Than they themselves twofold more, by subvention,
Children of hell.

They have no faith in life beyond the present.
They fear no judgment for the deeds done here,
And Mammon rules them, from the priest to peas-
This in their sphere. [ant—

They pile up wealth and play the dog in manger;
They care not who may suffer so they thrive;
They have no sense of any coming danger,
And on they drive.

Nor love, nor pity for a fellow creature,
Nor sense of justice, stays their headlong course,
But self and greed are traced in every feature,
If nothing worse.

Had they belief in God, or hell, or Heaven,
Or in a conscious life beyond the grave,
They would not by a selfish lust be driven,
Like willing slave.

In spite of wealth and knowledge, taste and culture,
O'er all the world there hangs a cloud of grief;
The curse that preys upon it, like a vulture,
Is *unbelief*.

SLAVE-TRADING.

The old slave-dealer took his chattel
And sold him as he did his cattle;
The modern dealer grinds his neighbor,
While famine, with its fingers gaunt,
Applies the cruel lash of want,
Then traffics in the fruits of labor.

OUR GOD.

Our God is Love. He knows no hate,
And only wants us to be blest;
He lifts us as an infant child
Is lifted to its mother's breast.

Why should we turn and flee from him,
Or bow to superstition's god?
With guileless heart and cheerful mien,
The path of duty should be trod.

When in its infant days, the race
Was childlike, innocent and free;
It had no thought of doing wrong,
Nor bent the superstitious knee.

But when the pride of selfishness
Crept in and darkened Eden's bower,
Might took the place of right, and fear
Bade man bow down and worship power.

Whatever trammels human thought,
Whatever wakes a sense of fear,
Is born of the infernal realms,
And not of God's own realms of cheer.

Demands for worship come from hell,
And never come they from above;
The God of Christ would have us live
In freedom, justice, truth and love.

Seek truth, fear not—God helps us all—
Push on, the truth shall make you free;
God loves with more than human love,
And more than human constancy.

The last commandment bids us love
Each other, as before the fall;
A twelfth commandment now I give:
I bid you worship not at all.

OH! YE WHO SUFFER.

Oh! ye who suffer, be not bowed in sadness,
Though misery enshroud thee as a pall;
For soon for thee will dawn a day of gladness,
Bright over all.

But take unto thyself sweet consolation
Whene'er with anguish keen thy soul is torn,
For joy as deep shall wake with glad sensation,
The coming morn.

That soul is dead which feels no sense of anguish
When good men sorrow, or when wrong succeeds,
Or that in cool indifference can languish
When virtue bleeds.

There is most life where there is found most feeling,
And depth of suff'ring measures depth of joy;
The heat is hottest for the best annealing—
In God's employ.

I would not be so frigid and insensate
As feel no pang, nor sense of mortal dread;
With what could this or future life compensate
A soul so dead?

'Tis better that this life be tenfold rougher,
And fires of anguish purge the soul of dross—
A hell of pain, such as a Christ could suffer
Upon the cross.

In agony would dwell the purest angel
Amid a world so steeped in sin and shame;
And he would hail, as God's own best evangel,
The purging flame.

Then sorrow not, nor bow in blind despairing,
Because the pangs of earth oppress the sore;
Be thou the child of faith, and hope, and daring—
'Twill soon be o'er.

TRUTH.

Truth is freedom's, and must prevail,
Making the hosts of error quail,
And giving unto the new era its birth;
Deep in the hearts of men it shines,
Turning to monsters the popular shrines,
And bringing the kingdom of Heaven on earth.

THE REAL.

The I or the ego of earlier days
  Is the I or the ego of now;
Tho' the ways of our age are not infantile ways,
  And wrinkled the careworn brow,
The man or the woman that totters along
  Is the same that went skipping in youth,
But changed is the whilom and innocent song
  To accord with the soberer truth.

Immutable principles only survive;
  The realm of the real, we find,
(Where Beauty in all of her forms is alive),
  Is that which is traversed by mind;
'Tis only in visions of mind we can see
  The beautiful glory of God;
The soul which thus seeth must certainly be
  Supreme over perishing clod.

The face of Jehovah no physical eye
  Hath yet had the power to scan;
Nor hath there been seen 'neath the dome of the [sky
  The soul or the spirit of man;
It maketh and buildeth on earth, for its aid,
  A sensual body of clay,
And stalketh abroad, like a vanishing shade,
  From sunrise to sunset of day.

The physical world is the shadow of God,
  The body the shadow of man;

But atoms of spirit reflected from sod
Are we in the infinite plan;
These indivisible atoms divine,
From man to the highest above,
Their substance in countless conditions combine
In Being of Infinite Love.

Souls never can perish; we change in our form
Of existence, and say that we die;
In a higher condition the soul groweth warm,
And its life is augmented on high;
'Tis destined to travel where angels have trod;
'Tis surely a part of the whole;
The Glory of man is the glory of God—
We are one in the life of the soul.

MOTIVES.

From various motives men do work,
Pursuing various ends;
But few discern the real results
To which their action tends.

In this great universe of use,
All must perform their part,
And each performer does his work
With good or evil heart.

But, good or evil, matters not
To the All-Ruling Mind,

Which guides all to the purposed end
His wisdom has designed.

By motives good or motives base
He moves each living soul,
But whether base or whether good
Conditions must control.

Who worketh with a willing heart
And for the widest good,
Will most accord with God's design,
Most nearly understood.

But, good or evil, high or low,
None can their duty shun;
For each must serve the end in view
Until that end is won.

For God will never thwarted be,
Although a God of love;
A single duty left undone
Leaves closed the gates above.

And till that duty is performed,
As spirit or as man,
The soul must roam in deep unrest,
Beneath that duty's ban.

The selfish, stubborn soul may fail
To do its duty here,
But God hath methods to subdue
It in another sphere.

Then cultivate a loving heart
And a submissive will,
And strive from motives high and pure
God's purpose to fulfill.

CHANGE.

Of all there is of you and me,
Of all in this world of change,
Can you find a thing of all you see,
In all of the visible range,
That ever remaineth, in shape and form,
The same from day to day—
That changeth not, as the shine or storm,
That cometh and passeth away?

Old Jacob's "everlasting hills"
Are crumbling to the plains,
And every ray from the star-orbs thrills
With tireless Death's refrains;
Eternal change is written by Time
On every stratum of earth;
The sun rolls on, in its course sublime,
Nor knoweth the place of its birth.

The visible world is passing away,
The solid melts into the air;
Material forms prove every day
As unsubstantial as prayer;

As one by one our idols go,
And leave us but the ideal,
All life's experience bids us know
The invisible only is real.

For principles can never change,
And good and truth are sure;
So right survives the new and strange,
And justice must endure;
Learn these are substances and things—
The life of all that is—
The food of souls that soar and sing,
And bloom in endless bliss.

SHADOW-LAND.

Shadow-Land is not so distant—
This we dwell in is the land;
See its forms forever fading—
Fading fast on every hand.

Grasp we wealth, or grasp dominion,
We shall find it, soon or late,
Leaves the soul unfed and empty—
Empty, grieving at its fate.

Seek we fame, or seek we pleasure,
Luring us with visions fair,
Soon we find we follow bubbles—
Bubbles bursting into air.

Down the dim and misty pathway,
As our eager steps we bend,
We are ever grasping shadows—
Shadows to the very end.

Earthly forms are only shadows
Of unseen, immortal mind,
Turning into dust and ashes—
Ashes which we leave behind.

Seek ye, then, the wealth of spirit—
Boldly seek, be not afraid;
Seek ye for the living substance—
Substance, not the fleeting shade.

ORDER.

Order is God's first law;
It ruleth everywhere—
In Heaven above, in hell below,
In water, earth and air.

Without this primal law,
All would to chaos come—
Confusion worse confused would reign
And end in silence dumb.

But, held in God's right hand,
And ruled by law supreme,
The wildest discord is resolved
Into harmonious theme.

We're all in God's strong hand;
His work can never fail;
If milder means avail but nought,
Then harsher means prevail.

He ruleth every act,
And turns it to our good —
A lesson in each thought and deed,
A hint in every mood.

He makes the crooked straight,
And quelleth discord dire;
He soothes and heals the deepest wound
And cools the hottest fire.

He leads by gentlest means
To which our natures yield;
He shapeth all the ways of life,
So nothing is concealed.

He sees our weakest parts,
And touches them with strength—
The stubborn heart to order bends,
That law may rule at length.

In order Christ was born,
On earth his work begun;
All must to order be reduced
Before his work is done.

Then will perfected man
  Control this earthly sod—
Companion of the angels, be
  The living son of God.

IF.

If men were honest, few the laws
  That we should need to punish crime;
No one would ever have the cause
  To fear the loss of wealth or time,
By theft, or craft, or lawyer pleas,
But each enjoy his own, at ease—
    If men were honest.

If men were just, dire poverty
  Would vanish from our sunny earth,
And in the place of luxury,
  Sweet temperance would have its birth;
So riot, want, and fleshly ills,
Would disappear with doctors' bills—
    If men were just.

If men were brave, the brother strong
  Would not on weaker brother war;
And he would scorn to do the wrong
  That man or God could chide him for;
The strong would guard and guide the weak,

And might would do as right would speak—
If men were brave.

If men were true, the truth would thrive,
And falsehood disappear in shame;
Then moral courage would revive,
And trust be full of vital flame;
Then words with meaning would be fraught,
And speech would correspond to thought—
If men were true.

If men were wise, they'd shape their ways
So all would have what God designed;
Instead of scrambling all their days,
To gather dross and rob their kind,
They'd strive to soothe a brother's cares,
And deeds would take the place of prayers—
If men were wise.

If men were honest, just and brave,
And true, and wise, as they should be,
We'd miss the pauper with the slave;
None would be rich or poor, but free;
No eleemosynary hall
Accusingly to Heaven would call—
But Christ would reign.

STARLIGHT AND SUNLIGHT.

Calm the day goes out in splendor,
  Cool the balmy breezes blow,
And a spirit soft and tender
  Rests upon a world of wo.

Night serene, with all her starlight,
  Slowly steals upon the view,
And each star, with dim and far light,
  Twinkles in the silent blue.

Hush! my soul, lean down and listen
  For the rush of angel wings;
Faint and soft, behold the glisten
  Of the light each pinion flings.

But when morning comes in glory,
  And the dreaming world awakes,
Lo! the smile of God is o'er thee,
  And his light upon thee breaks.

CHRISTIAN DUTY.

If men thought less of power and pelf,
  And more of right and duty,
They'd break the shrines they've built to self,
  And follow truth and beauty;
They'd shun the hideous forms of greed,
  With their infernal features,
And the command of Scripture heed,
  To serve their fellow creatures.

THE MONEY PLOT.

Old Shylock sat in his carpeted room
And handled his money bags over;
He smiled when he tho't how he managed to live
And roll, like piggy, in clover;
And as he looked over his stocks and his bonds,
And his gold coming in semi-yearly,
He giggled aloud, as he thought to himself
How the poor people paid for it dearly,

But Satan stood near him and chuckled and leered,
And finally broke into laughter;
Old Shylock looked up, and exclaimed to himself:
"'Tis the echo, that followeth after!"
And then a cold shudder crept over his soul,
As he thought how so few came to borrow
The money that daily came into his hands,
And he really looked gloomy with sorrow.

Says he: "I'll invent a new thing; in the scheme
Bondholders shall be interested;
A national system of banking is cute;
In this can our bonds be invested;
'Twill double the cost of the currency used;
But easily can we contrive
To draw from the people the interest twice,
And thus make our business thrive!

"Then we can control all the money supply,
  Expand or contract it at pleasure,
And extort from them int'rest to any extent
  We can find their capacity measure!
If to this we can add the monopoly scheme
  Of the old specie basis delusion,
The workers then all at our mercy will be,
  And we'll pluck them amid the confusion!"

'Twas a cold-blooded plot and filled Satan with glee,
  As his laurels he nervously fumbled,
While he looked at old Shylock, his dearly belov'd,
  Who sat there and muttered and mumbled!
Oh! when will the people wake up to the truth,
  And banish the currency demon?
When will they insist on a currency fit
  To be used by a nation of freemen?

THE PANIC.

The sounds that were heard in the New York
  Exchange
Were wild and wicked, exciting and strange,
  Unlike the strains of the classic Memnonium;
For when the innocent Grants were slaughtered,
The Kingdom of Mammon careened and tottered,
  And frightened the inmates of Pandemonium.

IDOLATRY.

Idolatry is born of Ignorance;
  Its sire is Fear, and Hope its sponsor stands;
Cunning and Greed come forward to advance
  Its many claims; the tyrant understands
  It gives him consequence when he commands,
And helps to keep his subjects dull and weak;
  The priest upholds it with his crafty hands,
And by it keeps himself both fat and sleek, [cheek.
With conscience tenfold harder than his brassy

The poor idolator expects to gain
  In special favors from the god he owns;
He mouths his prayers expecting to obtain
  Some kind of blessing through his pleading tones,
  While bowing low upon his marrow-bones,
And has no thought of principle or law;
  He thinks his very abjectness atones
For all offenses, and he stands in awe [jaw.
Lest he offend the priest who smites him with his

The gods are many which the world adores;
  They may be stocks and stones, or creeds and
Or saints or heroes; there are many scores [books,
  Of idols, both of good and evil looks,
  To which the idol-serving worldling crooks
The favor seeking hinges of the knee;
  And then audaciously he freely brooks

Disfavor of the many gods, that he
May serve at Mammon's shrine and roll in luxury!

The known and unknown gods are set aside
When Mammon's glitt'ring chariot rolls along;
The churches all adore the pomp and pride
Of Mammon's blazing cortege; weak and strong
Join in his train, unconscious of a wrong,
And all the gods are chained unto his car;
The "Unknown God" may get their Sunday song—
On other days he's worshiped from afar!
But, next to Mammon, men adore the god of war.

There's no sincerity in all that's done
By way of worship; all is empty show,
External form; in not a single one
Does it inspire a strong desire to go
The straight and narrow path of duty. No,
Not e'en the most benighted devotee—
The most sincere idolator we know—
Conforms his daily conduct so that he
Shall realize the prayer of his idolatry.

All worship is an inconsistent sham—
An echo from the thrones of earthly kings,
Who have the power to either bless or damn
Their subjects of this world in worldly things;
It will be fostered in the church, which brings
A living fat for wily ministers,
As long as folks will wear their leading-strings;

But when the blood of independence stirs [ers.
Men's hearts, they'll cease to bow as idol-worship-

So long as thoughtless men deceive their souls
With vague conjectures that a wordy prayer
Their destiny beyond the graveyard moulds,
When breathed aloud into the empty air,
To some unknown mysterious being there,
Their conduct will be inconsistent, mad;
Reason and common sense will have no share
In guiding them to action, and the sad
Results will only to the world's confusion add.

But some day men will learn that law supreme,
Unchanging and unerring, rules us all;
That there is neither low nor high extreme
Where special favors unto men may fall,
Or privilege be granted at the call
Of homage-giving beings who desire
To gain advantage, be it great or small;
That selfishness can never raise men higher,
And only deeds of good can aid those who aspire.

Let men have faith in principle, and strive
To dwell in strict accord with equity;
When at the door of truth they always knock,
And deal no more in foolish mystery,
But trim the lamp of reason so they see
The right from wrong, and act the nobler part,
Then will the human race be truly free;

Then the miilennium will surely start
With the millennial conditions in the heart.

'Tis not by exaltation of one's self
The prize of real happiness is won;
'Tis not by hoarding piles of worldly pelf
That we can win the plaudit of "well done;"
'Tis not by self-abasement we can shun
The painful consequence of evil aways;
'Tis not by wordy prayer to God or Son
We can prolong the measure of our days;
But living right, with duty done, forever pays.

Then break your idols, oh! ye men of might,
If you would number with the truly strong;
Strike ye for justice, freedom and the right,
If ye would join the ever-happy throng,
And sing in unison redemption's song;
Fling out the banner of the Brotherhood,
Bear it before ye as ye march along;
Plant it where every idol erst has stood,
Proclaim to all mankind the universal good.

STEALING.

Non-producers garner wealth;
By ways and means of subtle stealth,
They compass Labor with a serpent's coil;
By cunning laws, designed for stealing,

And thievish plots, called business dealing,
They cheat the toilers of the fruits of toil;
But, sure as Justice is eternal,
Omnipotence, which is supernal,
Will punish thieves with pangs infernal.

THE DAWN.

Ho! workers with the brain;
Ho! workers with the brawn;
Take heart and hope again—
Behold the breaking dawn!
In Rochdale's* humble lane,
Another child is born;
Ring out the glad refrain,
And greet the coming morn.

Press onward, then, as one,
And make each bondman free;
Let labor take its own,
And crush monopoly;
Unerring be the blow
That strikes the tyrant dead;
Henceforth let Mammon bow,
And Manhood raise its head.

*Where workingmen's co-operative associations originated.

His share of this world's work
  Each hath the right to do,
And, spite of those who shirk,
  To reap its blessings, too;
Lo! Justice seeks our homes—
  The clouds of night are riven—
And God's own kingdom comes
  On earth as 'tis in Heaven.

THE FASHIONABLE RICH.*

God help the rich—they need it very much;
  They stand upon such very slippery ground,
  There is so much to tempt them in the round
Of giddy pleasure and of sensuous touch.

Having no need to join in honest toil,
  To get an honest living, they perforce
  Choose for themselves a dissipated course,
In which to spend their time and Labor's spoil.

Assuming airs superior, they feel
  They cannot do e'en education's work;
  And so in "fashionable" schools they shirk
The highest duties that to them appeal.

---

*Aside from general observation, the revelations of the London (Eng.) Pall Mall *Gazette* and the recent rink disclosures in Syracuse justify this satire.

They get a smattering of many things,
With little knowledge that is sound and clear;
They're polished off with very thin veneer,
And give "Society" their simperings.

Their dudish manners are a passport clear
To all the "higher" circles of the town,
While on the "lower" classes they look down
With idiotic smile and stupid sneer.

The club-room and saloon attract the males,
And wine and women turn their feeble brains;
Indulgence from them manhood quickly drains
And every better faculty soon fails.

The stronger ones on innocence may prey
And purchase virtue for a money-price—
This is a high aristocratic vice,
If we believe the journals of the day.

The "ladies," poor deluded, helpless creatures,
Find their excitement in the rink and party;
They're "sweet," and their flirtations are so hearty
They make their impress on their pretty features.

But if their morals get a little loose,
"Society" has means to keep it mum;
The paper gossips, too, are wisely dumb—
Unless some silly girl becomes a goose.

And if perchance the scandal some one utter,
The law may come to silence the accuser;
But when its pet is stamped as a seducer—
Why, then "Society" is in a flutter!

God help the rich—if they are "worth the candle;"
They are so needy and so very weak—
They're such a waste of matter, so to speak,
'Twere great economy such stuff to handle!

MODERN LIFE.

Hoard and pile, hoard and pile,
Serving Mammon all the while
At a fearful sacrifice of soul and body;
When the pile has reached its height,
Sinking into endless night,
With a soul—if soul is left—enrobed in shoddy!

A HINT.

Some people are so intent on pelf
That they see nothing not centered in self,
And care not a fig for equity;
They may wake up beyond the Styx,
And find themselves in a sorry fix,
With none but self for company.

DEAD!

How sad a sight it is to see
  An infant in its casket—dead!
And what a world of misery
Enshrouds the mother's heart when she
  Beholds the moveless hands and head!

So young, so helpless and so fair,
  So innocent, so frail and pure—
A bud just opening to the air,
The idol of a mother's care,
  In her affections all-secure.

Why should it have so brief a stay?
  Why came it to a world like this?
What was its mission of a day?
Why did it steal our hearts away,
  Then leave us but a burning kiss?

Why should the precious darling die?
  Oh! God, we are so very blind!—
We have no understanding why
The little soul so soon should fly
  And leave its mould of clay behind.

It has escaped the trials here—
  Let us not sorrow overmuch,
But, while we drop the bitter tear,

Believe it in a better sphere—
For Heaven's kingdom is of such.

We hope to meet our loved ones there;
The sorrowing soul will have it so;
No other thought the heart will bear;
Deprive us of it, ye who dare—
This consolation in our wo!

MAMMON'S COMPLAINT.

Mammon declares that wages are too high—
They leave to the employer no return;
Whoever heard him say that capital
Was asking more than workingmen can earn?

Without the laborer whence is the wealth?
The angel Labor turns all things to use;
And yet it often fails of its reward
Because of robbery and gross abuse.

If useful toil is not deserving pay,
What else is there that should receive the spoil?
What else gives value to the things of earth
But that which is bestowed by faithful toil?

And should not he who makes the value have
The value that his labor hath bestowed?
Both equity and common sense say, yes;
But Mammon ruleth by another code.

Write it upon the tablets of the earth,

Trace it upon the sky in lines of fire:
"Inalienable is the right to work—
The laborer is worthy of his hire."

COSTLY FOLLY.

More than clothing, more than bread,
These and shelter for the head,
Ruining the man and stripling,
Turning thrift to poverty,
Turning joy to misery,
Costs the nation's smoke and tippling.

POLITICS.

Rare is the man who understands
Why power is placed in wicked hands,
And the worshipers of Mammon keep their revels;
But, were there saints the posts to fill,
It would not suit the public will,
So God, of course, must rule the world by devils!

THE FREE TRADER.

Cooped up on his little Isle,
Breeding selfishness and guile,
Nursing pride and needing a provider,
Johnny Bull has grown to be
More insatiate than a flee,
Subtler and more cunning than a spider.

ALONE.

The world recedes; I less and less
Am in accord with its rude spirit and its aims;
'Tis growing strange, and I confess
I dream and wander mid familiar scenes and names
As one alone and seeking health might roam
In foreign lands while longing for his home.

Yet, I have friends, and where I go
I always meet with smiling faces and kind words;
And if indeed this were not so,
'Twould be to me as lack of sunshine to the birds—
I'd walk in shadow all the weary way,
And little care if it be night or day.

My thoughts are not the world's; my heart
Beats not in unison with its unceasing strife;
And in its schemes I have no part;
I deem its wild carousals waste of time and life;
I find no joy where folly sits in pride,
And sense and worth are coldly pushed aside.

I'm shocked with blindness of the throng,
And with the thoughtlessness in which its masses move;
The weak are trampled by the strong
And downward go by thousands; careless men approve
The wretches who thus win their way by force,
And climb to greatness o'er a brother's corse.

Without avail the cry against abuse;
E'en the abused will turn in scorn and call you
Poor, helpless victims of a ruse, ["crank!"
Who champions your cause from you gets little
You are the rabble that of old once cried: [thank;
"Barrabas save; let Christ be crucified!"

I turn away to shun the sight;
I would not be a witness to such monstrous deeds;
Such works of darkness done in light!—
Done in a world full of religious rites and creeds!
Accusing angels o'er the earth have trod,
And all the victims' souls will cry to God.

I bow my head, in sackcloth clad;
It is no use to speak, for none on earth will hear;
I turn away in silence sad;
Lo! the procession from the cradle to the bier—
How each is burdened with a weary load,
And each the other jostles on the road!

From early youth, in my weak way,
I've wasted many years in efforts vain to turn
The eyes of men unto the day; [spurn,
But they, with pitying look, my feeble teachings
Content to live in bondage—lacking will
To thrust aside the things they know that kill

God wake the world from its dull sleep
Of death and sin, that holds it in its dreadful thrall,

And let the warming sunlight creep
Into the throbbing brains and hearts of great and small,
Arousing them to light and life divine,
And overthrowing Mammon's hateful shrine!

My day is done; I go my way,
And leave the world to tread whatever path it will;
I walk alone amid the twilight gray
That bounds the downward slope of this life's weary hill;
The night is near at hand, the evening air
Is fresh with breezes from a world more fair.

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